

Australian CAVALCADE

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Abstract

[illegible]

Don't Blame The OTHER WOMAN

Husbands, my red sisters; they
have to be driven out of home.



SARAH GOWSTOCK

EUNICE Wailed it all up to Paula. She sobbed, "Paula and I were devoted friends from school days! We used to swap pickles from our lunch boxes, and we did our hair exactly alike. Later we had our boy friends together, a romance. Then I married Tom, but Paula sneaked out on him. Six years, after six years, what does she do but walk off with Tom — my own husband! She's a vampire! She has ruined my life. I have nothing ahead but years of lonely wretchedness!"

All the while Eunice wailed, she was carving herself down in the changing house that Tom had built for her, and had settled on her after she had unthinkingly granted him the divorce. She had been accustomed to during those six married years — except the man who had given her all this. And as I listened to her lamentations, I couldn't help thinking that she had awakened exactly where she wanted.

It sounds paradoxical. Nevertheless, I believe there are many wives of whom the same is true — wives who cling to the theory that they love. Happily devotedly. But if this is true, then I ask why, in the name of common sense, they have all along been doing the very things they would do if they were determined to get rid of him?

It was all the Other Woman, they say.

Actually, this is probably true in only a minor percentage of cases. Many an alleged wrong had no wish to let herself in for the know-up that was bound to come when she unexpectedly found herself in love with another woman's husband. It's a sickness of a sort, and one that any sensible girl would for rather avoid. She'll take her man money, the straight and simple way, thank you. It happened like a bomb out of the blue, and there she was, gazing over her shoulders and muscled, and wishing to heaven she'd never heard of the man.

Oh, I'm not defending her;

doubtless she should have seen it coming and sent herself and the man running to separate shelters. But the theory that the Other Woman always gets deliberately about the business of robbing wives just isn't so.

I'm not defending the husband, either. He, too, should have seen it in time. Nevertheless, it is a fallacy to declare, so many do, that any wife's fault upon her husband's affairs remains secure until the Other Woman comes along to grab him. More often it is the case that, until the wife has already let slip her hold upon that affection, even the craftiest temptress finds him completely unresistible.

Don't get me wrong. Of course there are women who make vamping their vocation, and husbands who wouldn't stay true even if they had literally married an angel. But I'm talking now about the Eunices, and I believe there are far more of them than is generally recognized. They are the wives who heap blame upon the Other Woman without even searching themselves for the cause of trouble.

There is a psychological law that we tend to grow toward the strongest that we desire, although that desire may be hidden from ourselves. Obscure forces deep within us recognize our wish, and work to bring it to pass, while we blindly assume we are working in just the opposite direction.

"I know that mental odd rocking chair is the thingiest because Tom wants it," I have heard Eunice sigh, before the divorce, with a look of injured innocence.

dance her duty. "It's an obsession, but he insists he can't be comfortable in any other." Tom would naturally think how it was when he dropped in on Paula.

"Get onto that hammock, Tom, and I'll mix you the coldest drink the refrigerator holds," Paula would say. "There—ideal. If there's anything I enjoy looking at, it's a comfortable man."

A shabby rocking chair seems an unimportant thing, but, as a symbol, it can be vital. Eunice's protest against it was one of the countless weaknesses of the last that she loved having her own way better than she loved her husband.

They always took their holiday at the beach because she preferred it, they attended her favorite bridge parties which he loathed.

I am certain Paula never set out to steal Tom, that Tom made her to be faithful, and that the truth was, that, by her selfishness, Eunice pushed her script into Paula's arms.

To many girls the lost finger plays as just whatever is showing a husband. There was Phyllis.

"Had it a marvellous catch!" her mother said. "He can give you the best social position and he can afford to live up to it."

"He knows how to make money grow," chimed in Dad.

Acute, acute, cunning, jaded the charm. It was like selecting a milk cow, or buying a house—five laughs, soap if up while you can. But no one spoke of so trifling a matter as love. Had that silly sentimentalism been mentioned Phyllis's mother would have declared it the molecule of adolescence.

DISHEWASHING hands" in

cooking are doing as much as this as those as this. This has been shown by statistics derived in the United States for measurement glass is about now "As smooth as stone" now means to be a housewife indeed, by usual measurement glass is about the same smoother than even and about all smoother than off. Do you prefer to say "As smooth as stone?"

Phyllis had been scared to death, but Hal was a big-hearted chap, unspoiled by the wealth he had inherited, and imbued with the old-fashioned idea that love is something to be prized for a lifetime. To him, it didn't make sense to marry without it.

It was several years before the great break came, but at last Hal only a few months to wake up to the fact that when Phyllis had married was the security and social prestige. She had never married him.

Her first pretence of despatch refused; she grew indifferent to his interests, his talk. She made excuses to move into a room of her own, to close her door more and more often. For three years he stuck like a faithful hound, then began the weak and aimless, the gossip coupling his name with Len's. Finally, Phyllis's journey to the divorce court. Phyllis believed herself deeply wronged.

Dora and Frank were a pair of

low-birds. Loving and devoted, hilling and caring, they wanted only each other. Frank's pale stained skin, couldn't he spend even one evening with the old gang? He never did.

She hovered over him, spent the evening entertaining him with music or cards. She devoted herself to being, doing, giving everything that he desired. Then the baby came.

At first, Frank was as thrilled as Hal. But as the months went on, he began to wonder where he came in. "Why can't we go to the pictures like we used to?" he would propose. "But Frank—the baby!" Dora would cry reproachfully.

She discharged the nurse, against Frank's wish, saying that she wanted to be all in all to Frank junior, and Frank senior slipped away to rejoin the old gang at last.

Another year, and Dora was raging about Colin, a strong-napper.

Angie was a born old maid, and although she married Ray she kept on being little old maid Angie just the same.

"Why must you always close the window-shades up to the top, Ray?" she would fret. Oh, "You don't have to move your cup over to the wrong side, even if you are left-handed! You could stand a little inconvenience rather than spoil the looks of the table!" But her chief joy was Ray's devotion to Dora, his riding home.

"You always bring a hurry order when you come from the stable?" she would exclaim, screwing up her nose in disgust. "Stand

all while I squirt you with this condenser!"

There came a time, Dora met a tragic death. Ray, getting his teeth to hold back his pain, turned to Angie for comfort. "Well, dear's the end of that horrid odor," Angie said.

Something broke within him then. Kate understood how a fellow feels when she horse he loves is struck down. Now, when Angie sick at Ray for spending his even ings with Kate, he replied, "You don't really want me around. It's only just vanity that's hurt at losing me."

I believe every one of these marriages might have been saved if the wife had gone to work determinedly to build or rebuild her offense for the man she had married. Each one of these husbands secretly cared for his wife; what drove him to the Other Woman was lack of response at home. It was the push, not the wrench.

The average husband wants to stick — if he didn't, why marry at all?

But even the best of marriages

will slip at times. Probably each one of these wives could have turned back to the beginning of a stable. Dora might have recalled the first time she treated angrily that Tom came go with her to a bridge party. Dora knew that her trouble started when she suggested Frank for the baby. And so on. It only they had headed the first sign of slipping!

Every wife with a husband should perk up at the thought that she has all the advantage. She was the woman her men chose out of a world of women; she is established in his home, his heart, she is the mother of his children. If she holds tightly to her influence by the warmth of her own attitude, it's dollars to doughnuts she'll never have to worry about any Other Woman.

A man makes for cordiality, sympathy, understanding, as fast as a cat makes for the warmest fireplace corner. With most husbands who have somebody as nice to come home to, the Paulas and the Lenas and the Colins haven't the ghost of a show.



THE CRIPPLED *Genius*



JOHN HUNTER

Born maimed and poor, he died at 38—yet of medicine's greatest.

ON January 26, 1806, a boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, at Harango, Victoria. It was not entirely a happy event, for the boy began his with the heart-breaking handicap of a double club foot.

In addition, he had the handicap of poverty. Despite these, Johnny Hunter was happy enough in his childhood, and, with his brother, found fun in the birds and fish, the ponds and trees, the things that only country children have.

While Johnny was still young the family moved to Albany, New South Wales, and it was here that he first showed his unquenchable thirst for knowledge. When sent to clean boots he propped a book behind the polish tin, in order to browse and study simultaneously, and when he held a candle for a relative to clip wool the flame also provided light for his book.

Young Johnny wanted to be a doctor. Many things may have urged this longing — his own affliction, the desire to help his fellow men, or perhaps the example of another John Hunter, who, almost 200 years before, had been the greatest anatomist and surgeon of his century.

So Johnny went to Albany District School, and after three years gained his Intermediate Certificate. But that was as far as Albany could take him, and he began to look further afield. In Sydney was a school whose motto was "Faber est sine quoque latrans", every man is the maker of his own destiny. What better inspiration for an obscure country boy! This was Port Street Model School, famous since 1849 for its winning record.

Old Fordons were everywhere. One, Sir Edmund Barton, had been our first Prime Minister; another, Sir Joseph Carruthers, had recently been the most distinguished of Premiers in New South Wales history; still another, Charles Braddon Fletcher, was editing *The Sydney Morning Herald*, while at that very moment a young scientist named Dr. Douglas Macrae was making Australian history in the Antarctic. So John Hunter came to Port Street, to make his own destiny.

One of his classmates recalled, in after years, the impression he made: "His entrance into the classroom, late in Term, will remain a

vivid memory . . . a raw country youth, then, dressed in a shabby grey suit and long black stockings, as that head and legs seemed almost so predominant, the dark hair brushed up from his lofty brow. A thin, pale, studious face, which bore a half-apologetic look, but frequently broke into unexpressible smiles, the whole dominated then, as in all moments of excitement, by the glow of those wonderfully luminous eyes, expressive of intense power and deep spirituality."

It was probably at Port Street, that the boy's genius was first recognized and developed. When he matriculated in 1915, with 7 A's, a University exhibition and a bursary, John Hunter was his dream coming true. He enrolled in the Faculty of Medicine at Sydney University.

The next three years were a period of difficulties and doubts. The bursary went a long way towards paying his own expenses, but in Albany was the mother he was bound to support. Raising others out of financial assistance he tried coaching. This did his necessity uncover the latent genius of a born teacher. Hunter was a fluent and logical lawyer, with the gift of collating the important facts, and, in passing them on, to inspire others with his own enthusiasm.

In his first year he won the special prize for zoology and botany and held the Ramsay Scholarship for general proficiency. That was the last occasion on which any other student was to equal him. In second year there was no special prize, but Hunter was top man. Faced now of his financial burden he sang himself

in to work with renewed vigor, and his academic honors were dazzling.

He graduated in 1920 with first class honors, high distinction, University Medal, the Ramsay Prize for a surgical essay.

As a fourth year student he was coaching fifth year students. In third year he had been appointed a prosector, and in fourth year a demonstrator in anatomy. For all this success, he was still the shy, smiling country boy.

In 1920, John Irvine Hunter, M.B., ChM., became a house surgeon at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney. Again he stood at the crossroads. Was his genius to find employment at a hospital ward, or find a place in research and teaching? At this time J. T. Wilson, ChM., Professor of Anatomy, who had guided Hunter through his triumphal years, found his duties imposing beyond his capacity. Simultaneously the university's funds were increased. So new men and opportunity met, and at 22 John Hunter was appointed *Anatomic Professor of Anatomy* — the youngest position ever to be appointed to any first-class university in the world.

The university showed vision, not only in the appointment, but in the decision to send the young man abroad in 1921 to study the latest in teaching and medical science. After a period in America and at Cambridge, Hunter was appointed honorary demonstrator at University College, London. Again blessed by circumstance he found himself working under the great Anatomist, Professor Griffiths Elliot Smith, a brilliant ana-

NEW VERSION OF
AN OLD PROVERB

"One swallow does not make
a summer!"—

There stops the poet, look-
ing,

And so he round it off, "It
add

"But many makes a differ-
ence!"

swayed them to the new reconstruction.

It was during this visit to Hal-
land that his share on the fore-
brain of the brain was written, a
work which later won him a Doc-
torate of Medicine.

On his return to Sydney in
1922 Hunter was appointed Chai-
rman Professor of Anatomy — at
the age of 24. He threw himself
into reorganization of the faculty,
on January 30, 1924, married
Miss Elsie MacPherson, and
shortly after took his degree of
Doctor of Medicine, with first
class honors, the University Medal
and the Ethel Talbot Memorial
Prize.

But his magnificent character
was research, and, unassuming, hum-
ble with Dr. N. B. Royle, he had
tackled the scourge of spastic para-
lysis. After long and patient ex-
periments with animals the two
men reached revolutionary conclu-
sions: the sympathetic nerve sys-
tem stabilizes or "locks" the limb
in position where muscular action
has ceased it, and a fresh impulse
arrives from the brain and permits
it to move again. If the spinal
nerve is unopposed, the sympathetic
nerve keeps the limb rigid in the
last position it was impelled to
take in other words, spastic para-
lysis. The experiments of Hunter
and Royle showed that if the sym-
pathetic nerve were severed, the
limb would often be released and
paralysis cured.

So much for the guinea pig
stage and it fell to Hunter to put
the theory to an first human test.
In Lewisham Hospital, Sydney,
was a veteran of World War I,
his right leg crippled by spastic

paralysis. On September 1, 1923,
Professor Hunter operated, sever-
ing the sympathetic nerve. And the
soldier walked! Sensation swept
the medical world, and Hunter
and Royle were invited to reveal
the physical program of the College
of Surgeons in New York to re-
place their discovery.

No Australian has ever been so
regularly honored as this 36 year
old doctor, as he faced the great
assembly at the Waldorf-Astoria
Hotel. There were 2500 surgeons
present, representing almost every
nation on earth when Johnny
Hunter of All Saints rose to deliver
the John R. Murphy Memorial
Oration. Gaze now were the
doctors and laws, the nobility of
the country youth. His eyes
glowed with an inspired happiness,
confidence in his own discov-
ery and the usefulness of a
dream come true. When the or-
ation had ended there was silence,
the silence of spellbound wonder,
then the storm of applause broke
— a storm which carried him
through the universities and medi-

cal schools of America, including
demonstrations, explaining. On to
England and lectures at London
and Cambridge then Canada! The
world, over-worked body that was
John Hunter contracted typhoid
fever. The illness was short and
brief. On December 10 he was
dead.

So closed one of the most in-
teresting careers in the history of
medicine. As a correspondent
quipped: "In the hot fit of life,
step-out as the highest point of be-
ing, the hyper-intelligent, full-blinded
spirit floats into the spiritual
world."

There are manuscripts in brown
and grey at Fort Street School
assembled by public subscription:
at Sydney University is the Han-
terian Theatre, a strange parallel
to the Hunterian Museum found
ed by his illustrious ancestor in
London. But his real memorial is
the inspiration which his beauty
of character, devotion to an ideal,
and unswerving career have be-
queathed to a sick and troubled
world.





She thought she knew her own man,
until a jealous uncle stepped in

RODERICK THOMAS

BERTRANDE'S ROGUS HUSBAND

BERTRANDE GUERRE was a beautiful young woman of 28, old-fashioned enough to be in love with her husband, devoted to her son, and with no idea of figuring in the central character of one of history's classic crime cases.

Uncle Pierre, a relative of her husband's, had always been on good terms with her; she regarded him with interest and as spent as a valuable part of the family until one day he turned into a malicious old man.

"I don't think that's your husband at all," he whispered to her when young Martin Guerre's back was turned.

Angry fire flashed the girl's eyes. "Martin isn't my husband? Uncle, now — you must be — joking! You now to married. You were in the church. I don't like such jokes."

Uncle Pierre looked unshaken. "Do you really think that is Martin?" he asked, nodding at the husband hewn in the garden.

The change Bertrande saw in

him have not been preserved for posterity, but they were bitter and pointed. For Bertrande's modesty deeply resented the suggestion that she could share a bed with a man who was not her husband, she lost the happiness of her little son very much at heart — and in any case, Uncle Pierre must be going mad!

Unless —! Suddenly Bertrande looked at all. She, because of her true love for her husband Martin, had been able to forgive and forget; but the pen had now turned to Uncle Pierre's mind and now he was trying to make mischief.

Martin had been until a very young man when he married Bertrande de Rohs, of the town of Arzacq. A young man and a bad one, according to his record, for he had stolen money from his own father, and had run from the region of his birth, a hunted man. At the age of 28 he became the proud father of a son, he had settled down under the benign influence of Bertrande's love, and the dom-

ily seemed happily enough until, one day, Martin disappeared.

Bertrande was disconsolate, and believed daily that he would return with some reasonable explanation. Perhaps he was lying ill somewhere, perhaps a broken leg in a field . . .

But the days lengthened into months, the months into years, and while Uncle Pierre's warning became less silent and Bertrande's hope less acute, the lady now grew to be eight years old, and Martin, her father, pronounced dead.

Then, one day, Martin Guerre came back. His face inspired him first and belied him with great joy, for he had gone to his mother to find out how things were at home, and at Bertrande had waited for him . . . She had, and when he went to her she spread her arms and swept on his shoulders, and murmured his great delight at his return.

Could she forgive? She married that with a kiss. Even Uncle Pierre stopped his storming and gave Martin a welcoming hand shake. In the years that followed, hypocrisy was hypocrisy. Martin was the man Bertrande expected him to be, and their boy was happy with his new-found father.

And that was all the successful state of affairs that morning when Uncle Pierre, now getting old, let the bitterness break out at his mind and asked, "Do you really think that man is Martin?" That was the point he was endeavoring to throw up at his nephew. And Bertrande had reason to be angry, for the eyes and the nose, may be destroyed, but not the heart, and

the love she bore her husband could never have given a man room to so imposture, although in letters and friends alike could see with their own eyes that this was none other than the wild boy and good husband, Martin Guerre.

Uncle Pierre's voice was silenced, but his bitterness remained. He commenced around the place to stir up suspicion by his whispering against Martin and quickly, before resentment could take action against him, he trumped up a charge on which he had Martin arrested.

An inquiry was held before the High Court of Toulouse.

One after another the people of Arzacq and the surrounding district came forward to identify Martin. The baker, who had gone to school with him years ago, the butcher's wife who had known him, even letters that friends of the Guerre family who remembered the day he was born and had known him ever since. The family and friends of Bertrande de Rohs, who had known him as long as his wife. Yes, the old uncle's letter indeed found no support in the entire town. The old uncle was crazy and that was the end of it. The ridiculous situation, of a man disputing the identity of his own nephew, created wide comment throughout the district.

And towards the close of the inquiry the crazy old uncle received his first glimpse from a local collector, an old man, who remarked that Martin Guerre now was about as small as larger than he had been before he went away, so that he might not be the same man . . .

IT was because of her mother that Angela Leachway, English born (Hollywood 1911, about 10 miles Richard Cromwell).

That and U² says Angela, "I think I'd like him— and I thought he might like me, too. But nothing happened until some time last April, when Jerry Asher started making and one to dinner, saying that Dick Cromwell wanted to make mother's (Julius Morris Mowat) " whom he had admired so much as "The Chick." I never didn't go. What girl wants to say when a man is so common to come her mother's? But she did go— and because of a slip on their plate they married in a cell. And that is the girl who, very much devoted to matrimony, and an old woman age 17 to tell it later in the past would be very mysterious."

—from PHOTOPLAY, the world's first motion picture magazine

Martin stood there when a white man came into the court of Toulouse stamped a man with a wooden leg— An elderly, weather-beaten man, with scars on his body.

"I am Martin Guerre," he said. "That is my wife. That is my Uncle Pierre. I became restless and ran away from home. I joined the army and took part in the siege of Saint-Laurent, where I lost this leg."

The confusion caused in the court by this statement is something which can be best pictured by the imagination. But it was not all. When the two champions to the name of Martin Guerre stood side by side there was no longer any doubt. People who relied on years of memory to identify the men, immediately recognized the second. Points of difference began to come back to them. The man with the wooden leg took a smaller part in fights, as the soldier said he should.

The sisters of Martin Guerre swore as they realized their mis-

take. The faithful Bertrande saw that how her heart had betrayed her, and was overcome by catharsis at the idea she had lived with a man who was not her husband. Uncle Pierre was no longer a crony old man — he was the victim one who, though he had been deceived at first, slowly realized, and read the meaning of, the man's difference in these men who were so nearly doubles.

And the false Martin? He broke down the pretence of years, acknowledging that he had lied, and that his real name was Arnould du Thil.

Then accusations began to work instead, and this time on a far more accurate line: Arnould du Thil! The friend, the thief, the man who had, as everybody knew, committed rape? Arnould du Thil!

The enquiry turned into a trial — a trial at which many charges were proffered against du Thil, a list to which was added fraudulent representation of Martin Guerre.

The verdict was not difficult to

forecast. It was implicit in the words the prisoner uttered when he said, "I am Arnould du Thil," for his life had made his name a synonym for guilt.

The High Court of Toulouse condemned him, first of all, to make amends — a *faute amende honorable*. This was to be done by kneeling in front of the church at Arques, clad only in his shirt, bare-headed and with a rope round his neck, a lighted torch in his hand. Then translated he was to ask for pardon from God, from the King, from the law, from the real Martin Guerre and the seduced Bertrande. All this he did.

A public accusation was a shameful spectacle to the people, garnished with the horror that accompanied such hangings.

Arnould du Thil was let swing from a gibbet until his life was

clocked out of him, while his body decomposed horribly, to the delight of the crowd. The gibbet, to emphasize the nature of the crime, was erected before the home of the real Martin and Bertrande Guerre; and after the body of the man was dead it was cut down and burnt in the market place, while Bertrande became acquainted to her real husband's having a wooden leg.

All of this occurred in September, 1580, when Elizabeth had been two years Queen of England.

Arnould du Thil had sought to prove for several years that there is no finer refuge from justice than the bed of another man's wife — a theme which, in spite of his temporary success, it is difficult to sustain in view of his fate.

And Bertrande Guerre, at long last, dealt with her husband.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

November, 1944

OPEN GO

for Punters



Police, bookies, bettors are happier when off-course bets are legalised.

AUSTRALIANS can't make up their minds about betting. They don't agree how punting should be conducted, and neither do their six separate State Governments.

In a matter of inconsistent and confusing gambling laws, the Australians in Melbourne divide to a surprising bookmaker in a time behind the pub, but his fellow-countrymen in Adelaide stroll openly into a well-conducted betting shop.

South Australia and the island of Tasmania are the only States that recognise that a man will have his bet on the horse, whether he can get to the course or not. So they have legalised off-the-course betting, and it was the smallest of the States, Tasmania, that gave the lead.

The other four States still try to stamp out off-the-course betting. And while they police the alleged unlicensed bookmaker, public controversy rages

every now and then as to whether it would be counterproductive to give up the hopeless fight and change the law.

When a punter wants to make a bet in Tasmania he can go to the nearest bookmakers' club and back his choice in a clean place and fancy ways, comfortable in the knowledge that he is within the law. It has been that way in the island State since the Parliament of Tasmania passed the Bookmakers' Act in December, 1932.

Previously bookmakers did not operate in Tasmania and all the profits of the betting business were going to the starting-price bookies and the publicans running the hotels, where many operated illegally. Attendance at race meetings had declined to such a point that the old-established racing clubs were threatened with extinction. Potentially substantial revenue, in betting tax, was being diverted from the Government.

Tasmania took a bold step when

it not only legalised bookmakers but also permitted betting on and off the racetracks. Until South Australia copied its legislation in part, Tasmania was the only State in the Commonwealth to concentrate betting off the course in "approved premises," popularly known as bookmakers' clubs.

Betting premises are permitted in every centre where there is sufficient population, and in the two principal cities — Hobart and Launceston — the central bookmakers' clubs are supplemented by smaller premises in inner suburbs.

Unless there is mid-week racing, the clubs are normally open for business on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, and on Monday to settle bets laid on the racing of the preceding Saturday. To protect and encourage Tasmanian racing, however, it is provided in the Bookmakers' Act that betting premises shall not remain open after 1 p.m. if a race meeting is being held within 15 miles of the centre where the club is established.

Consequently, on Saturday afternoon the fiddlers repair to the local gallopings, morning or greyhound race meetings and many of their clients follow them. In this important particular, Tasmania differs from South Australia.

While the clubs are open, the spasmodic premises are threatened, particularly on Saturday mornings. In these is concentrated the more betting interest of the community, and the patrons form a representative cross-section from the paid business class to the bloke who does not do much outside his punting. Men and women are ad-

mitted but persons under 21 are barred.

In the large city clubs, the bookmakers post placards from the Betting Control Board and there they provide the opportunity for every conceivable way of laying a bet. Not in the field restricted. A punter can back a horse on anything from the English Derby to the local greyhound puppy stakes. Bets are frequently laid on races in every State in the Common wealth.

Most interest, however, attaches to Melbourne and Tasmania racing, with a substantial following for events in Sydney and Adelaide. The punter is in almost as much with standard form as the average man on the course in Melbourne or Sydney, and they have a much about the betting market for themselves in the price are linked frequently to a bookmakers' representative, who distributes them immediately to all the fiddlers.

The prices are set out on a board to each bookmaker's cubicle, which is marked by large sheets, from which the bettor can select doubles, trebles, or four winners. These sheets are often prepared by men who apparently have some knowledge of sign writing and decorate them in colour.

If a bettor cannot get the double he wants, he can back the two horses on the multiple board. The odds on the multiple are usually a point higher than the straight-out bet, and the prices quoted for the two horses chosen are multiplied. Place cards on which the bettor tries to name four placed horses were to offer an easy

way to win money, but this vice policy is deceptive. Prizes offered on the horses are added together in this bet, but the bookmakers generally raise the odds from which losses may be chosen.

On a Tasmanian racetrack a punter can back a horse running in Melbourne eight different ways. Starting-gate for a win or a place with the bookmakers, each way or the best totalizer, each way at Melbourne, totalizer odds with the bookmakers, and each way with the bookmakers, and each way with the bookmakers at starting price.

The bookmakers are allowed to take only straight-out bets on local events on the Tasmanian racetracks, so that they will not compete with the totalizers, from which the club collecting the winning derives revenue.

In other ways as well the Bookmakers' Act guards the interests of Tasmania's racing clubs. The bookmakers pay 24 per cent. on all bets laid on Tasmanian races, and, no matter where the bet is laid, this revenue goes to the club promoting the race.

Another 24 per cent. of all bets laid on Tasmanian races goes on interstate racing bets to the club at whose meeting the bet is laid.

A turnover tax of two per cent. on all bets laid in the bookmakers' clubs on standard races goes to the Betting Control Board, and the balance after paying administrative expenses is paid into consolidated revenue.

In one year betting on standard events at places other than racetracks (on which two per cent. commission was payable to

the State Government) totalled £841,179, and the commission paid was £16,823. The expenses of the Betting Control Board amounted to £2,025. Commissions paid to Tasmanian racing clubs was £30,321, and total tax collected by the board was £31,824.

The influence of this revenue, combined with a general boom in racing, was evident in four months including last Christmas, when six races for stakes of £1,000 each were included in the programmes of Tasmanian racing clubs. These figures are seen to be substantial when it is realized that the entire population of Tasmania is less than 250,000.

Tasmanian bookmakers are easily the most heavily taxed in Australia, for they pay 14 on every bet up to 10s and 14 on every bet over that amount. In one year, one Tasmanian bookmaker paid £1714 in ticket tax and £5,003 in turnover tax.

The Betting Control Board comprises two representatives of galloping clubs, two of training clubs, one from the professional money clubs, and a Government nominee. On the whole, full power of controlling bookmakers is vested in the racing club stewards. Any intrinsic dispute goes before the Betting Control Board, but the system works so well there is not one dispute in 100,000 bets.

Each bookmaker has to lodge a guarantee of £500. He also submits each year a statement of his assets in a sealed envelope bearing his name. This is held by the board and is not opened unless it is considered necessary to investigate the bookmaker's standing.

Immediately after a race each bookmaker hands to a representative of the racing club where he is operating a record of his betting on that event, which becomes the property of the club. In addition, each fiddler provides weekly a copy of all betting in the approved program. These records are useful if it is necessary to inquire into the betting on a horse.

Generally the system works as smoothly as any in Australia. There is some illegal betting, but it is comparatively limited and the heavy taxes paid by bookmakers are an incentive to them to cooperate in squashing unlicensed operations.

The Tasmanian Government in its gambling legislation has taken the realistic view that betting cannot be stopped and is best transacted openly under control. That way, the law does not make law-breakers of men who like a gamble but would prefer to do it within the law.

But in the largest States of Australia a hopeless battle goes on

against the underground punting. The public—since most citizens insist that a man will enjoy both for an afternoon's pleasure—refuses to bow to the law. The illegal bookmakers flourish. They pay their dues, but few of them are deterred. The penalties are not severe enough to put them out of business. Their profits far outweigh their fines.

Public opinion is lost not only to the loss of betting tax but to the cost of attempting to enforce the law. While Master Grundy causes our biggest communities to cling tenaciously to an outmoded and unprofitable law a number of policemen are assigned to patrolling the illegal bookies, who (particularly in Sydney, with its post-war outbreak of violence) more profitably could be engaged in more consequential police duties.

The "blue-stocking vote" stays voters' hands, and nothing gets done. Moreover, in little Tasmania police, bookmakers, punters and Treasury are happy because off-the-course betting is legalized.





Hollywood lusted this Australian girl, but she preferred marriage

SHE THREW *Fame* AWAY

RAY BEATH

DAPHNE CAMPBELL is a lass from Orange who grew up on a large orchard, joined the AAMWS when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, and overnight became, without any theatrical ambitions or aspirations, the star of a great Australian film.

If that doesn't make sense at first sight — and why should it, when this girl stepped into a role which many actresses and professional actresses in Australia covered so gracefully? Except that Daphne Campbell had a striking voice and this is the story:

Harry Watt came to Australia by Ealing Studios to make a typically Australian film, was at a complete loss to find a girl who summed up, in appearance and personality, the qualities that went with the life of the Australian bush. The sophistication of professional droids didn't put over his wags at all, nor did any girls have just the things Watt knew were necessary for the success of his picture.

At his wit's end, Watt was

about to write London, asking them to send out an English actress for the part, and when he went to his office one morning with that intention he fell with the postman for first place in the offer class. Picking thoughtfully over the new mail delivery he came upon a little magazine published by the AAMWS — "Uniform News". And there, staring at him from the cover of this paper, was the fresh face of Lance-Corporal Daphne Campbell.

"I won't have to read that cable if I can get this girl," Watt said.

In camp Daphne Campbell knew she had been photographed for the cover of "Uniform News", but she didn't know the repercussions that would follow. Only when she was officially recruited by her C.O. in respect for a screen test did she begin to wonder. And then she reported as a matter of days, without giving the matter any very serious consideration.

Even after the screen test had been made, Daphne did not know the full story.

But 48 hours later she knew — the Austro, starbuck, Hollywood tale had come true for her. Her photograph as a stage star cover had attracted the attention of the Right Man — and Daphne Campbell had stepped from cover girl to film star, lack of previous experience no objection!

Daphne knew that this kind of story had been told about her all people like Jane Follinsburg, who was photographed on American magazine covers and from them was chosen by Columbia as film talent. But it was definitely in the category of things which, if it happened at all, in her place, "can't happen here" — until it actually did happen.

For another cover girl had made good in Lance-Corporal Campbell — she had become the feminine lead of Ealing's Australian film, "The Overlanders," playing opposite the gifted Chips Rafferty, the nation actor on the screen.

Being a cover girl was no play and part of the life which began on a large orchard near Orange, New South Wales, where a baby daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. Growing up in the healthy outdoor atmosphere, hardihood was a bigger and more glamorous ambition than stardom to her; and every single incident in her child-life led her to the open country, far off, it seemed, from the life of a film star.

But it gave her, in steady successive stages, the qualities of self-reliance and poise which schools of dramatic art try to impart with all the skill at their command. Daphne was going to pursue

school where, one day, she was beaten by a snake on the way home. Did she go howling for mother? No, she made for the tool shed, in childish determination to get a hatchet and chop off the little toe, which had been bitten; that, she knew, would be the safe thing to do. It is only by the fortunate accident that Papa Campbell was in the tool shed, and hatched her off for medical treatment, that Daphne still has five toes on each foot . . .

And it is out of such self reliance as this that there was born in Daphne the independence, the almost casual action "off her own bat," which characterized her subsequent career.

When the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and the Pacific War was on, she was her own personal duty clerk. Worrying over alternatives and and being had no more place in her mind than any concern; her place was in the Australian Army Medical Women's Service, and she walked calmly into the lounge-room of her beautiful Orange home and said to her parents, "I'm going into camp tomorrow."

The decision was Daphne's own, and irrevocable. There were no long farewells, no useless lamentations or frenzied discussions. Tomorrow she went away — not as a teen at adventure, but as duty. There was neither time of hardship nor the glamour of camp life for her; she had ridden horses for, had camped on the hard earth often, and had lived already the girl she was determined to live in uniform. Daphne was a soldier.

She was sent to the hospital at

ENGLISH IS ALL GREEK TO ME

There being a sort of thing where it
 is 't in English you'd write your verses
 It would rather be a bore — no, something,
 Who's unconcerned with English spelling
 Or even a Dale who in his penning
 Can look askance at Webster's howling
 For English verse for its inherent dreariness
 On words which have quite similar sounds
 And when the poet is thus significantly primed,
 He sets out to set them, efficiently rhymed.
 And this is difficult material to pronunciation varies
 such as

There was a man who left his plough
 Because he was, 't he had enough
 With selling coal making he was clearly through
 And so he went and got some dough
 And used it for best while he fished in the trough
 Which proves that being a poet nothing means is
 If it's in English you'd write your verses.

—W.G.D.

Darwin, and was there on that terrible February morning when the Japanese planes struck out of the blue, and without warning bombs began to fall. And through that shocking experience she went quietly, firmly, lustily. When it was all over she was still alive, and had been of service. That was good.

The same happy-go-lucky optimism attended her when, long afterwards, she was instructed to support for her film test — and then proceeded to Watt at Alby Springs for the making of "The Overlanders."

And here the next, intensely personal phase of her life opened out with dramatic infatuation.

For two months the film was had been on location in the Cairns. Daphne had been learning things she had never thought about

— things to do with being a film star. She had been working hard, as had all the company. When the invitation came to a station ball 250 miles away, Daphne dashed aboard a truck and rode over with the others for a week-end entertainment.

At the other end of that journey lay Henry's Desire. When the truck stopped at a standstill a young RAAF officer came forward and helped her down to the ground — a young officer she had met before in Darwin. A DFC winner on long-range leave, he was staying there, though his home was at Cottesford, Queensland. Stephen led her inside. They shared the first dance, and from that moment they were in love.

A fortnight later, back at work, Daphne Campbell walked over to Henry Watt and said, "Mr. Watt,

"I'm a married woman now." As usually as that she had become the wife of Stephen Calder, knowing her name when she met him. And Daphne just went on with the work of making "The Overlanders." When that was completed she took Stephen to Orange. They walked into her parents' home and, "Alan and dad, this is Stephen," she said. "He's my husband."

This very certain young person who was brought by the postman to worried Henry Watt that morning as a cover girl, made her first unconventional walk her work is this, her first film. For as a result of it she has had offers of film work from both Hollywood and London.

For most girls the story of the cover girl who starred in a film and got married, all within three months, would be a good-luck story hard to beat. To have seven-screen contracts held out in addition would be just about Marlene's End.

The Campbell touch — now the

Calder touch — was unchanged. Hollywood was all right, and being a film star had its advantages, but Daphne's husband was out of the air force, running a private plane service between Alice Springs and isolated inland stations, with mail and supplies. Daphne loved her husband and her life — to her, distant fields were as green.

The CAVALCADE represents what Daphne, "for you going to carry on your film career?" She smiled and said, "You'll have to ask my husband that."

Stephen, too, smiled and, "You'd better ask my wife," he said.

There isn't much you can do about that, but, with success laid at her feet, and the world waiting, indubitably one that Daphne Campbell, cover-girl star of "The Overlanders," would rather fly across the desert with Stephen than loiter at the Brown Derby at the next table to Gary Cooper — or even an Oscar.



The dejected pawnbroker runs a clean business — it has to be

Poor Man's BANKER

W. G. DELANEY



THEY call me "Everybody's Uncle."

I am the target of more jokes than Bob Hope ever thought of. I'm often criticised, and more often dismissed. Many people consider my shop — and any other pawnshop — a depot for stolen goods. When you pass my shop you probably quicken your step and think your lucky stars I haven't yet got my tentacles around you.

That's all wrong. I consider my business as ethical and legitimate as any other honest livelihood — indeed, the pawnbroker of long standing must have integrity beyond reproach.

Personally, I think of myself as a poor man's banker, the man to whom the needy go for an overdraft which will tide them over a difficult period. Take that lady girl who left my shop five minutes ago; she's married to a man who is on strike, who for the past

month has not given her any money, and who, despite that, still considers he should not so regularly and as well as he has done in the past.

What's she to do — take a beating tonight from her husband, or come to me? She comes to me. I give her £5 loan on her watch, and in a month's time she can have it back for £5/2/6. Her medical expenses would be more than that if she didn't give her husband a good hard night.

I'm a good pawnbroker. I've been in the business for more than 30 years, and I haven't made many mistakes, either, in my judgment of people or the value of goods. My clients trust me, and most of them have been on my books ever since I opened my shop.

Time and time again I have restored to their owners valuables which have been left in the pockets of pressed rats. Once I found

£45 in a pocket—the price of an engagement ring the borrower intended to buy. I not only sought him out to return it, but when I learnt its purpose I sold him a ring at three-quarters the cost of the same ring at a jeweller's.

You'll be surprised if you saw some of the names in my books. One man I could mention is considered to be one of our richest men, yet he has been my client for 32 years. For him, I'm holding a gold chronograph stopwatch, and I expect to hold it for many years to come. His payments are the interest regularly each month, so he's what you call a privileged investment.

No, he doesn't send money, but his son does. The watch has a great sentimental value for the old man, and he intends to hand it down to his son. But he thinks if he gives it to the boy now it will end up in a pawnshop anyway. So, he has left the watch in my charge and his will mentions its whereabouts.

He feels that his memory at least will prevent the son from pawnring it. When I hand that stopwatch over to the executor of his will I'll feel that I'm losing an old friend.

The next oldest relichouse in my shop was a silver machine. I had it for 25 years. A middle-aged woman brought it to me, her husband had died and she was moving into a room where she barely had enough room to sleep, let alone sit.

She told me, when she brought it, that she'd be coming back for it when she again had a home of her own. That was 25 years ago, and she collected it last week. Funny, isn't it, that a woman who

chance can symbolise a woman's hopes? My wife and I gave her a little something from the shop as a present for her new home.

Most pawnbrokers are honest—ask a policeman. We stand in pretty well with the police, because we can be very helpful to them. Often I've made it possible for them to return goods to owners before either they or the owners knew of the theft.

A fellow came to me once with a vacuum cleaner. There was nothing to suggest that he hadn't acquired it honestly, but a power broker develops a nose about these things, and, somehow, I felt that a little co-operation from the Police Department wouldn't be out of place.

Two minutes after he walked into the shop, detectives arrived to question him. He'd stolen the vacuum cleaner from a car parked about 100 yards away, and he's still wondering how, with only a minute in the shop, I was able to get in touch with the police.

If you're wondering the same thing, I'm afraid the method is a trade secret; but you can bet that if I want then I can have detectives in my shop in less time than it takes to say "How much on that?"

This intuition I've spoken about is a priority asset to every pawnbroker. You got to be a fairly good judge of the human race when you see it under the conditions I do. The moment a client comes into my shop, I've studied him. Nervousness isn't always a reliable guide to honesty — even for criminals there's a first time, and I'm prepared to bet that the first time

ABOUT 1,000 persons have been stranded in Alberta, Canada, since that province passed a "misery declaration" Act in 1935. As a result, members of persons whose annual incomes are in excess of \$2,000 have been threatened to children have been able to be excluded from institutions where they would have spent the rest of their lives. Under the Act a board of officers, advised by physicians, university professors of statistics and other scientific staff

consist of all goods reported stolen. The moment I sign for that record I am liable to prosecution if I take an article mentioned on it. I'm not allowed too many calls, and if I made them I'd be showing my wife only on visiting — and I'm a family man.

Then, three times a week I get a summary of stolen goods. My training enables me to remember every description on those lists. There's a chance, of course, that I'll accept stolen stolen from a home whose occupants are, are, on both days, and therefore haven't reported the loss.

If I take them — and I rarely do — I can claim compensation from the corner of the insurance company where I hand them back. That's fair enough.

My own shop has never been robbed, and that goes for most pawnshops — for a very good reason. Each morning I sign myself in by telephone, using a code word known only to me and my wife; every night I sign myself out. If I didn't do that, within 10 minutes of the same time every working day, you'd see a shiny black car drive up outside the shop on the day I signed phoning, to find out why.

Another thing—we shop is alive with burglar alarms, and in the event of one starting to ring, that store car would be there within 10 seconds. In the event of a fault in mechanism starting the alarm, I wait, say until it has been repaired. That's one skill for staying out late which my wife accepts.

But let us say that I am reluctant; my own loss would not be

great, for the moment I enter a pledge in my books it is automatically insured, for the moment I have lost on it. So that I am able to compensate to that value.

Who are pawnshop's best customers? At the top of the list, definitely I'd say, are purveyors, and particularly those who attend business schools, men, the "good name Charles," the men who like to make an impression without the wherewithal to make it; musicians, artists, newspapermen, and you can go on from there yourself — and don't hesitate to include men and women of high professional standing.

Pawnbroking is a serious business, just as any other occupation is. But we have our fun. A friend and I have a standing bet — two shillings on Friday night — about the most peculiar pledge we've received during the week. It came in money, mostly, because you've become accustomed of additions, and we'll say more than the true worth of an article to make sure we get it.

Once I got a glass eye, and made the mistake of signing \$50. I don't know how he went about it, but he hung back next day to say that he had an artificial arm; it had cost him \$50 — twice the amount I'd given for the eye, and he claimed that he had won the bet. On Friday afternoon I was wondering how I could put the bet beyond question when a man came to my shop to pawn an eyeglass. He was bumping, and I realized he had a wooden leg. I offered him \$2 for it, but he would not part with it.

I increased the offer until I reached a five, and he let me have it, as the understanding he could get it back on Monday for the 25.

I won the bet — but I've still got the wooden leg. The Red Cross doesn't want it. The Returned Soldiers' League doesn't want it. And I don't want it myself.

I call that wooden leg my contribution to the serious business of pawnbroking.



You Kiss Like an Amateur

DAMON RUNYON



Lovers have been kissed, or need kissing, says this famous humorist.

THE art of osculation or kissing is now practiced less undoubtedly than formerly, being generally misperformed the past few years chiefly through the pictures that we see in the newspapers almost every day illustrating the errors of the soldier.

You can scarcely pick up a paper that does not carry a picture of a man in uniform grappling with his wife or sweetheart and too often the pictures are so awkward and unbecoming that but for the explanation very soon they might give the impression that the parties concerned were trying to strangle each other.

Once in a while you find a pair represented in a manner that reflects credit on the osculatory artistry of our race, and also considerable experience on each side, that may come forth in the bright shining letter on, but in the mean, the food of culture that should be the height of delicate perfection seems clumsy and unrefined.

Well, at first I was inclined to blame the newspaper photographers, especially those members that I know to be highly qualified for expert coaching if given proper knowledge. Then I decided that the fault was their editors, who send them out with their cameras to bring in pictures as quickly as possible, how-

ever the lessons are true to pass these subjects as they would like and even personally demonstrate the grips necessary to good film return.

Naturally the hurried cameramen were upon the first likely-looking couple they came in on the sidewalk or railway platform and say "kiss 'er" to the guy, and he, embarrassed by the rudeness of it all, and secretly knowing what he is doing, lurches at the dame and they wrap up ungracefully and exchange crude kisses that lack academic entirely and when they pull apart blushing the cameramen are down on the platform encouraging other couples to hasty kisses.

The upshot is the editors get their pictures and editors usually being guys married in the lower phases of kissing and not knowing one hold from another are pleased and the photographers are reasonably satisfied though the business is apt to leave the more artistic souls staring them with the vague feeling that they might have done better. It is when the pictures reach the eyes of experts like Runyon that discontent develops.

I know I could take these same couples and spot them properly and

get the same cameramen and get far better results. A studio in a living room, for example, with the lights down low, and the parties of the first and second pairs unaware that they were being filmed. A bench under the old apple tree in the orchard with a full moon shining. I would not even require direction. I would just let Nature take its course.

I do not think that even Clark Gable could show up to advantage under the conditions that surround kissing in the returned soldier pictures of today.

I like Gable because he is a successful one of the top liners of the screen. I have no run down on him off the screen though I hear tell he is okay. Before Gable the high man in the osculatory racket in screen circles was John Gilbert.

John was usually kissing Garbo on the screen. Garbo was a wonderful lover on her own account. She was the dove and easy type. That reminds me that many a stage and screen guy and his lady are repeating as much through the correct operation of the

parade be kissed as from his own efforts.

A lot of old guys will remember Olga Markovna's stage kisses which were so hot that it is said they usually sprinkled wet sawdust on the stage before she went on as a precaution against fire. But who really the blazes she kissed?

Nevertheless must have been a hole of a lover as no one has come along since her time to excite the pretenses by more osculation. I reckon Garbo was my favorite. There was a certain artistry about her kissing that I do not observe in current screen kissing.

I was about to suggest that we read pictures of kissing disclosing more artistry than that taken on the returned soldiers greeting their loved ones, but the girls of foreign countries get the wrong idea of our fellows as lovers. Then I remembered the best-love of war brides that are arriving here and I went to myself, Runyon, the boys must have done all right when the cameras were not aimed at them. Who the hell are you to tell them about kissing?

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MY CHILDREN

Before my daddy is truly awake,
Let's rush in and give him a shake.
Let's make him nod to us the fastest,
Let's force him to pretend we're fastest.
And when at last we're tired of that
We'll love him to some new plot.
Let's roll along upon his back
And laugh the while his good bones crack.
Let's slide upon his bony breast
And thus secure his quick descent
By fact let's become an item such great merit
That he'll be glad to get us back to merit.

—W. G. P.

Australian had the "prohibition era." It was a political experiment—and it failed.

ROY MARRIOTT

Bootleggers IN THE MALLEE



WHEN a man works hard, he plays hard; and these places had no laws that drink.

The Chaffey brothers decided that Mildura (red roof) would be a temperance colony on the banks of the Murray River, surrounded by hundreds of miles of unsheltered mallee desert.

Parents in Victorian England drizzled out the family black sheep, gave him a blessing and a few pounds, and packed him off to the barless wilderness on the other side of the north.

Hardy settlers came, to venture the best years of their life and their fortunes in the Chaffey's mad scheme to make a fruit-bearing Paradise out of a broken down, rabbit-destroyed shambles. They came by coach — 170 miles from Kennep or Morgan — and by packhorse. They looked round for a man's first security in a dry land; and realized another hard ship was added to their lot — no beer.

The journals of the day had jobs at the wilderness settler: The *Newcastle Standard* in 1888: "No hotels yet at Mildura. There is a wine merchant, who had a bottle of whisky in his possession was wasted upon by a dispirited stream round the town, and much much of while the liquor lasted. A man who can push a strong whisky atmosphere in front of him is that place is respected by all, and has on the hospitality of the town, and drew a good return for."

A poor fellow and companion. A shanty was at Gid Gid, a few miles away among the rabbit-hoovered muddles on the New South Wales side of the Murray. Each day saw a trucking of valiant souls crossing on horseback or punt. The majority were the 300 yards of mallee water. No Levee, then, only staunch Australians and Britons making a temple from the toil of pioneering.

A fortune was made at the shanty among the dunes.

At Mildura still many tradespeople had a native ally: "Agencies," as they were called, were as plentiful as a lottery-winner's friends. As in more recent times, you merely had to know somebody and have the necessary money, the rest was easy. One enterprising fellow had most rows of bottles inverted round his garden borders. They looked attractive to the local copper as he wandered by, not suspecting the borders were full.

Even the respected Dr. Abernethy was charged on one occasion for selling spurious liquors, but was able to prove it was for medicinal purposes.

When one man, after a four or five weeks' bout, was forced to stop the plague, his wife had a notice issued to the *Mildura Colonist*. "A Prohibition Order having been issued in the case of Alfred Fletcher, Mrs. Fletcher demands it to be understood she will associate with the utmost respect anyone who gives or sells him intoxicating liquor."

Also for Mrs. Fletcher! The next day a "bent row" occurred at his house, duly reported by the *vigilant Colonist*.

It appears that two brothers named Wade took two flagons of beer to his (Fletcher's) house. Later on an Australian armed during which (it is alleged) Fletcher struck one brother with a garden rake, inflicting a nasty cut over the eye. The other Wade responded by striking Fletcher on the head with a flagon, cutting him badly, leaving two stitches.

There were secret parties among the red gums on the banks

of Old Man River. As the United States was to learn at a later date, prohibition bred many evils behind its shimmering halo. The seasons, which the rise and fall of the river caused to "inheritance" for one month of every year, often had a hapless contingent among the virtuous and rejection they brought along the 300 miles of winding waterway from the sea. Smugglers' hostmen met them surreptitiously.

Customs officials kept a close watch (no Prohibition then, and all State borders were patrolled) but the Murray was long and narrow. It was not difficult for river rats to slide them among the swamps and billbores.

A barrel or two hidden in the sand, word quietly passed around, donations paid, and an elaborate session was held in some remote.

The most notorious of these outlawed hostmen was known as the Smuggler. Everybody knew of him, but he was clever as a green pig and could not be caught. Regularly he left New South Wales with the guards of his little boat scarcely above water, and pulled into a swamp on the other side with the guards high, making more dangerous than a fishing line on two shores.

A customs man with grey-blue jacket watched the Smuggler loading cases of whisky. He was quickly down the cliffs and waiting at the swamp for the culprit's arrival. The boat was empty. The official comprehended it and investigated further. A flock of cranes was hoard floating in midstream, with the precious contraband attached. It was the end of the

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE high cost of super-saturated is a constant American complaint more than anywhere a part on human nature — is 10 per cent. On some "super-saturated" countries that it is impossible for any nation to make a war, one of the oldest prevailing capital nations must many American farmers to still small circles here, on which there makes every, therefore farmers, one day his wheat and ending to cross the end of land.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Swaggle, but business Midland station passed their honey way.

The black sheep from Home would drift in on numerous days, have their week of play and depart with pockets empty — not to be seen until the arrival of the next English mail.

A Westchester wrote a letter to the Confederate protesting against the heaps of bodies lying on the roads — desecrating with the eyes of the righteous.

Somebody saw a chance of profit and went round with a drum. The *Prize of the Marway* loaded 60 tons of dead carcasses in one cargo.

Then catastrophe hit the gallant colony. "The government experiment in co-operative agricultural colonization the world has yet witnessed" brought disillusionment and despair to the settlers.

A railway had been promised, 320 miles of miles wilderness surveyed, then the plans shelved by the Victorian government.

In '93 the first general harvest was successful beyond dreams, but,

because of transport lack the year's harvest was at a low level and the public-warehouse could not get through. The only alternative was a 200-mile journey by dray to Swan Hill, jolting through the scrub, then by train to Melbourne. By the time the business papers, postmen, phones and sprouts reached market they were bruised and rotten.

The wine grapes — Pedro Ximenes, Davidson, White Hermitage — showed the only promise of profit. The making of wine had no part in the original plan, but under compulsion the articles of prohibition were rescinded. Moderate distilleries and vine-cultures were soon set up and going in full swing.

Markets were on the spot. Wine carts went the rounds every day. Even dear old ladies would not eat with pig, basket or don't join for their own druggist. Retail licenses were not permitted, however, selling less than two gallons could be lawfully sold.

Sly-grog joints were soon as plentiful as medical quacks in a jungle region. Blackleggers by the dozen were convicted, and many were sent to Bendigo gaol.

Things continued to go badly with Midland. At length George Chaffey, the firstmaster of the Canadian brothers, returned to America in 1890. W. B. Chaffey remained.

Following the example in water-gate water-works, Renmark (in South Australia) had opened a hotel on the Glenelg scheme in '97. Midland shortly after applied for a license for a similarly

inducted hotel. Official opposition quashed the idea.

Eventually the Gullion Palace (where the Grand Hotel now stands) and three meeting clubs — Midland Club, Seiler's Club, Warrington's Club — became licensed premises.

Today Midland is a full-fledged city, still with only two licensed public houses, the Grand and the Whitehouse, but the three clubs are going yet, run on a co-operative

basis, and all excellent. The Warrington's Club is housed in its own bar, one of the world's largest, 298 feet. It has two billiard rooms, billiard room, hot showers, bowling green, library and other amenities, and is one of the sights of the City in the land — at those days a green-ground agricultural hub.

But even today it's still the thing for young blades to have a "session" at the Gull Club shortly for the hell of it.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



HAVING TAKEN A PLEASANT DRIVE WITH SOME FRIENDS BECAUSE YOU WANTED TO SEE A CERTAIN MOVIE, YOU DISCOVER THAT THE FILM WAS CENSORED, THAT WOULD WORKERS COULDN'T BRING YOU IN TO SEE THE CERTAIN MOVIE, AND THAT YOU'VE GOT TO GO IN ANYWAY. TO HAVE AND FRIENDS WHO HAD JUST JOINED THE COMRADES.

1914

Personally Speaking

CHARLES HUMPHREY, of East St. Louis, Ill., married Betty Bridges on the same day that Humphrey's mother married Betty's brother, and all were contented are trying to sort out relationships. Betty's brother becomes her father-in-law and her husband's grandmother, step-father and brother-in-law. If Betty has a baby, it's grandmothers all the way.

LENNART STRAND, Swedish athlete, captured the world's record for foot-running from Gander Hogg (1 mile in 4 min. 4.6 sec.) when he ran 1,500 meters (just under a mile) in 3 min. 54 sec. Hogg has since been declared a professional by the Amateur Athletic Board of Sweden.

CHARLES DELAUNAY, winner of "Hot jazz" and organizer of the band known as the "Hot Club de France," organized a Jazz International Club, headquarters of which are in Paris.

ERNE PYLE, U.S. war correspondent killed shortly the end of the war, was remembered by U.S. occupation troops in Tokyo where they renamed a wartime factory remodeled for entertainment, the "Ernie Pyle Theatre."

JACKSON BARNETT, the wealthiest Red Indian in the world, was poor until the age of 75 when oil was discovered on his land in Oklahoma. Thereafter, until he died, he had an annual income of 80,000 dollars. (A118,7500.)

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, 256-pound movie director, had an offer from a Hollywood hitpiche salesman—to sell him a bottle (bait) for two.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, was asked by an American reporter if Churchill Downs had been named after him. "It is mine," replied the statesman, "it probably would have been called 'Churchill Up-n'-Downs.'"

MILTON SHAVELY HERSHEY made his money out of penny candy for children. Chaffers, he gave it all back to them in the form of an Industrial School for Orphan Boys—all the 10,000,000 dollars (A1A25,000,000). He had made plans to turn his home into a school for homeless American children.

ALFRED BERNETTE, Canadian faith-healing "miracle man of Montreal," Canada, born just 100 years ago, who cured thousands of sufferers, is to be canonized by the Catholic Church.

Water along the gate—Doris, R & B —John Wiley, Photo





Passing Sentences

Imagination was given to man to compensate him for what he is not, a sense of humor to console him for what he is.

Drying a woman's tears is one of the most dangerous occupations known to man.

Temperament is temper that is too old to speak.

A backhoe is a man who wouldn't take you for an answer.

We've got a friend who got married again and took on a new kind of life.

The only things which can unite two women are scandals, puns and complaints.

The work is blamed for a lot of things that should be blamed on a lark.

Relatives are all very well in their place—so long as it is their own place.

We know a beautiful but brainless blonde who thinks that men are little donkeys.

The things you hear are never as important as the things you overlook.

Some people get the idea they are worth a lot of money just because they have it.

Many a home is ruined by the husband backing home, and many a garage by a wife backing out.

And then there is the hapful bungler who, finding a lady in the bath, covered her with a revolver.

A catalogue is when one woman is talking. When two are talking, it's a catalogue.

The first art of being a parent consists in sleeping when the baby isn't looking.

Writ and drawn for sightless Gaby Ryan, Atlantic City

AN *Adventure* IN PITY

FICTION



BEN HECHT

HIS name, as I remember, was Walter Cook. It may have been something else. He was an imagination, not of men and looked like an underdeveloped photograph. Later most the people he was associated with a rather aggressive fellow. I recall that he had a sort of insouciant beauty and a way of knowing you were up with him despite his talent for imagination.

My impression is he was a doctor or a dentist but my memory is uncertain about this and nearly everything else that might evoke a picture of him. There is hardly more than a blur in my mind with the dubious name Walter Cook.

But despite the vagueness, almost nameless image, I have been

Wife-murderer, in the death cell has lost which was a nasty case.

haunted by this case for a long time. I often look at him, as one does at people who have died, without words, and when I do he still brings a sharp pain into my heart.

He was the first human being I ever hated — and there have been five more. A first motion usually lasts one to the end of one's days. I imagine I shall remember the request of fellows long after I have seen countless indignities vanish in the back of my head.

I knew Walter only for a week. It was the week he spent in the death cell waiting to be hanged. The fact that this effusive and gentle creature was a man waiting

to die did not arouse any pity in me. I had known, by that time, a number of men who had served the same death cell for their little trick to the gallows.

I had never been one to identify myself with the troubles of others and had always been able to get around with those doomed men, play cards with them, listen to their half-breathless talk with out feeling their miseries and panic in my own veins.

As a reporter, in fact, I had a talent for observing rather than participating in the dramas and disasters around which I gravitated daily. It was with this chronic detachment that I spent the first three days with Walter Cook. Walter was a coward. He had killed his wife and been convicted of the crime. His details have escaped me — except the one — that it was a violent quarrel involving an axe.

I had not covered Walter's trial — but I know that he had never confessed to the crime and that the jury had voted him guilty despite his protestation on the witness stand that he had never — never — laid a finger on his slaughtered wife.

The first evenings I spent in his cell with Walter were devoted to rumour. We played for a dollar a game — the guard, Walter and I — and I'm sure I was hardly usually a damned man was good for a fifty dollar profit during the evenings preceding his hanging. And of the guard was a nervous or sensitive fellow, he, too, was at a rule good for another twenty dollars in winnings.

These sums were very important

to me, for with them I bought books.

That Walter had chopped up his wife with an axe some months ago and was going to be hanged around seven o'clock on the next Friday morning failed to give him any particular importance in my eyes — as we played and talked in the lonely, yellow light of the cell block. What finally interested me in Walter two days before his execution was his smile. I still remember it. It was a sort of superior yet useful smile that interested you as you looked in. It was warm and ingrained and belied the gloominess.

After a few drinks, in fact, I said something like this to Walter: "What the Hell have you got to smile about?" And I recall that Walter apologized for annoying us.

Our rumour game was interrupted each night by a visit from the sheriff. The sheriff is a kindly vagabond — much vagabond even than Walter. I remember him only as a harassed politician with a German name.

He used to come into the cell, sit down on the bench, and start a stammering conversation with Walter. He wanted Walter to confess that he was guilty of the murder for which he was going to be hanged. Walter, of course, was going to be hanged anyway — confessed or not. But the sheriff had some personal feeling about it. He felt better if a man admitted his guilt before he dropped through the trap. Maybe he slept better. Or maybe the sheriff liked to win arguments of damned men.

Whatever his motives, I recall that our sheriff was constant and

HER PONS, the celebrated coloratura soprano, used to be an actress about her small size (14, Tip) that she tried to disguise it with stiff boots, stripes and puffed-up hair. Though she finally, she discovered it could be no advantage when she made her appearance in France, in London. She was able to wear longer gloves and a corset pulled up to her knees, leaving her midriff, instead of wearing a better prima donna's astonishing dress. She even hired the stage manager say: "At last we have a soprano who really looks like Lohengrin!" But she still wears high boots and likes to go down step by step. Miss Pons speaks as much as \$1,000 on new pants with concert stains.

infectious. He was a loose talker and a big nag. Walter would listen to him with a mild look on his face and then after his interesting ends.

He would say something like, "I don't like to offend you — after how well you've treated me — but I can't admit to killing my wife. It wouldn't be fair. Because, you see, I'm innocent of the crime, and I'm being executed unjustly."

The reply would make us all angry — and the sheriff would stamp out of the cell, mumbling.

I recall discussing Walter myself for being a major hypocrite about the whole thing — and receiving as rebuttal that same Chum-like and stomach-turning smile.

I spent Walter's last midnight with him. He didn't want to play cards any more, saying he was broke, and since there was no fun playing for nothing I didn't press the matter.

At two o'clock Walter changed. He became nervous. His eyes began to blink and he couldn't sit still. He couldn't lie down and say and he bluntly refused to take any drugs.

At twenty-four he said to the guard, "I want to talk to the sheriff. I want to make a bargain with him."

"What kind of a bargain?" the guard asked him.

"I'll make it with the sheriff," said Walter. "Just call him up and tell him if he'll do me one little favor I'll sign a confession."

"What's the favor?" the guard asked.

"You can't do it," said Walter. "The sheriff is the only one. You call him up."

Our doorman was obviously depressed. Knowing the sheriff's hobby for collecting confessions, the guard telephoned. The sheriff arrived at three a.m.

The flicker between Walter and the sheriff was as brief as it was mysterious. Walter would sign a confession if the sheriff would bring him a variety case — fully engaged.

"What do you want a variety case for?" we all asked. "That's crazy."

"I want a variety case," said Walter, trying to wet his dried lips. "I've got to have one."

I understood no French Walter like

anybody else. Where to find a variety case at three-thirty a.m. on a November morning was more of a problem than I had imagined. I toured several all night saloons and argued vainly with a number of drunken brawls. They refused to yield their variety cases to a man about to be hanged.

But at four o'clock I came stumbling into a rough joint and after bargaining a number of my bargains on, I finally persuaded one girl to lend me her variety case.

Walter's face became radiant

when I handed him the variety case. His lips grew moist, his eyes lost their glass. He opened the case, opened it, and looked at its contents.

"All right," he said. "I'll confess now — if you want to take it down."

A police stenographer took down the confession. But I didn't listen to it, and I watched Walter, popped. For as he talked Walter was making up his face. He rubbed his cheeks, powdered his neck, powdered his lips with lip-



AS YOU HEAR OUR TALKER, SUFFERING BECAUSE THE BEDROOM SING IS FOR ALOOF, COME DOWNDOWN IN THE LOCK. TO GET A GLIMPSE FROM THE MICHIEF AND TOP OVER THE TELEPHONE CORD WITH A CORON AND A BUNDLE OF MESSAGING SING. YOU WONDER IF IT WOULD HELP FATHERS TO CALL THE YOU HAVE THE BEDROOM SING IN HERE, SOMETHING SOME STORIES IN IT.

wick and worked carefully on his episode with some painful strain.

He talked for almost an hour, sagging and happily, describing the events preceding the chapping up of his wife, their agonies, her general vertigo as a concert. He gave a startling description of the murder itself, an event that seemed to have left him so excited that he had forgotten to wipe his fingerprints off the car handle.

When he finished, Walter was all made up. A rather pretty woman's face looked at us, smiled quietly and not unkindly. The heavily painted lips glossed and the stained episode looked better and longer.

The sheriff was almost answered by these goings-on. He handed Walter the written pages of his confession to sign. "All right, Walter," the sheriff said, smoothing his face, "you can wish that all over — and sign this."

"Oh, no," said Walter. "I won't sign it unless you give me your solemn word of honor that I can keep it on."

The sheriff said, "For God's sake, you're going out there." He nodded toward the corridor that led to the hanging room. "People'll see you. What do you want them to think?"

"I don't care what they think," said Walter. "I want to keep it on, to be buried like this."

It was ordered so. The death march was due to start, and the sheriff reluctantly gave in.

As they left the hanging room was filled. We watched the death march at its first and last stop — the high gallery platform.

Walter Cook, powdered and

painted like a bear, stepped forward to stand under the noose. His arms were strapped to his sides.

The white robe was hung over his shoulders, transferring him almost completely into a woman — a woman in an ugly nightgown.

The noose was put around his neck, the knot tightened under his ear, and the sheriff, nervous and hardly able to articulate with shame and confusion, repeated for Walter last words.

Walter looked at him with a grateful smile. He had nothing to say.

The hood was placed quickly over his head. The sheriff and his assistant stopped briefly to the rear of the platform. A moment later the trap fell. There was a bang and Walter Cook, caged and powdered inside his white shroud, plunged into space.

It was a bad scene. The neck failed to break. The white bundle of a man hung suspended, swinging slowly. The rope loosened, the white bundle began to turn, the hanging man heaved and the white robe expanded as if it were being inflated.

As we watched a queer and horrible thing happened. From under the white hood that started over Walter Cook's head a dreadful sound issued. It rose slowly from a moan into a full scream. But it was a woman's scream — high pitched, clear and blood curdling. It lasted an eternity. A woman was screaming out of Walter Cook's shroud.

When the scene was almost again I looked at the slowly twisting bundle hanging down its rope and I felt pity.



Sideshow

MARY DOUGLAS

Butter's the pictures, he thought, when dad took mother to his store.

ERIC slipped inside the door of the store and concentrated on the last scene of the film. He did not take his eyes from the screen, although as the darkness on fingers fumbled with the tobacco tin containing his small change. He automatically adjusted the smooth leather strap that supported his tray of cartooned vegetables.

When his eyes became accustomed to the shadows Eric could trace the long line of spangling shoulders, dotted with rows of white beads. They were all locked in the spell of the story and Eric wrangled as he tried to gather up the strands of the theme.

He looked into the face of the beautiful girl, saw her laughing

up into the eyes of a man. He saw another girl — beautiful, too — but her eyes were bright and hard. Eric recognized the glint. She's the jealous one, he thought, silently, clenching the edges of his wet cream tray with tight fingers. This time it was the girl who was jealous, but sometimes it was a man.

Eric, although only 10, was quite an authority on films and plays. Actually he only saw bits of them, for he sold his cream during interval. But he always managed to see the final scenes of the first film as he crept in, and, if he returned quickly after the interval, there was always the chance the usher would let him inside again and then he saw almost all of the second picture.

**I CANNOT ACCEP
YOUR ADVICE**

In degradation, demeaning I've
suffered, Australia.

We often hear the old-fashioned
line:

"Never forget your duties
children."

Those youngsters anxiously en
to your work? —

Admitted, which I find, is be
yond my competence.

Although in my field I show
great competence,

Yet I cannot give this philo
sophy my speedy replies.

For my work, you see, is
garbage collection.

Saturday night was pay night, and then Eric did not come back to the theatre. His mother always liked him to hurry home with his money. Eric did not mind this much, as there was always the same show on Monday night.

With his eyes unblinking on the screen, Eric saw the man take the jealous girl in his arms and kiss and fondle her until the hard-ness faded from her eyes. It was evidently a satisfactory ending, for the audience stirred happily, and a murmuring rustled the darkness of the theatre. The last scene was always long and lingering, and Eric bittered himself against the wall, for there was always a few men who would stand up and un-pleasantly stamp around for a scene.

The theatre was suddenly dimmed, and making his way more comfortable the boy prepared for an onslaught of customers.

It had been raining, and Eric hurried home through the wet and slushy streets, the money he had earned during the week tightly gripped in one hand.

He was hoping that his mother would not be cross that night. He had thought half a dozen crum-pets and when his mother was in good mood she let him treat and saved them with soft, creamy dipping.

Yet, somehow, his mother was not strict in a good mood. She was not exactly sick, although she was so very thin. Why, she was so thin that when she put on her apron she could cross the strings at the back and bring them around to tie in the front. No, she was not sick, she was sort of . . . sort of mean. That's how his father sum-med it up.

"Now, Eva," he would say, leaning into the kitchen from the washhouse, his big nose red and hairy. "Now, Eva, don't look so sour about it."

But it seemed to Eric that his mother's face never changed, unless it grew smaller and tighter.

"It's all very well for you, All Patience," she would answer. "Coming home all bright and cheery because you've had a dew drinkin'. I've got plenty to look sour about."

Eric always stated that his Mother's disapproval of his Dad. He could not say why. His Dad was such a good sort. He worked in a flour mill and when he came home his hair and clothes were

doated with fine powder. He of-ten went straight to the wash-house, and he would stay at his bath over the trough. Sometimes his wife was stranger and louder, and Eric would wait for his mother to turn and remark severely: "He's had a few extra to-night."

Eric thought this hardly fair, for his Dad was always jolly, even when he looked the stimulus of a few drinks. He had a deep rumbling laugh that shook his whole body. Everybody liked him, and it was always fun to go out with him.

One day his father had decided to take him to the circus, and so the way they had run into a couple of Dad's pals. Naturally they had been started to come along. Eric had loved every minute at the show, but his heart had bounced when a girl in a sapphire had burst into the ring, balancing lightly on the back of a galloping horse.

"Look, Dad," he had shouted excitedly. "Look at the lady."

The men had laughed. "A chap off the old block," muttered one. "He's got the same eye for a pretty girl."

His father had laughed, he re-membered, but had made no re-ply. . . .

Eric hurried down the sidewalk at his home, the money clutched in one hand, the bag of crumpets in the other. He peeped through the back window before he opened the door. His mother was huddled on a stool by the fire, her eyes sharp with inquiry. She looked surprised but pleased.

He pushed open the back door, and his mother seemed dis-

appeared when she saw who it was. Her mouth quivered a little as she turned back to stare into the fire.

"Hello, Mum," greeted Eric. "I've brought home some crum-pets. May I treat them?"

"—Er, yes," said his mother ab-sently. "Do what you like with them."

Eric handed her his money, then reached for a fork from a drawer of the dresser. When he looked again he saw his mother had't even touched it. He was piqued, for he had earned suspense extra that week.

"What's Dad?" he asked loudly.

His mother jumped, and her mouth quivered. With an effort she gained control of herself.

"How should I know?" she asked, tranquilly. "Your father does not bother to tell me where he is going."

Eric stared a crumpet and held it in front of the fire, and the only sound in the kitchen was the drip, drip, drip of the leaking tap.

"That tap will drive me crazy!" his mother burst out. "Yesterday I asked your father to fix it, but it's a waste of breath talking to him."

Eric stared the crumpet, but did not answer. His Mum looked pretty queer, he could not help thinking, and he peered at her closely from the tail of his eye. He was so intent watching her that he did not notice the crum-pet was scorching to smoke.

"Watch what you're doing."

But the crumpet was quite ed-dle, when the sizzle had been escaped away.

"Any dropping, Mami?" he asked. It was a suggestion, rather than a question.

"There's a lot of butter in the milk," she replied, without looking up.

Butter!—to put on crumpled Gee, thought Eric, this was not a bit like Mami. She usually said it was like pouring butter on a sponge. Eric knew for sure something must be wrong.

Eric was sitting at the table, crumching his way through the last half of his third crumpet when he heard his father coming around the side of the house. His mother sniffed. Eric listened, but his father's footsteps sounded amply enough.

The kitchen door thrust defiantly open, and Eric was surprised to see how neat and smart his father looked. His hair was combed back, all clean and sleeky, and he was wearing his good suit with the red and green plaid-knotted tie.

Eric knew, almost before he looked back at his mother, that his eyes were bright and hard. No one spoke, and there was only the dripping of the tap. Eric saw his father move to turn off the tap, then suddenly stop, as if he had just remembered the coffee.

His mother was the first to speak. "So you've come home," she said, flatly.

"Yes," said his father. "The car's home." He spoke carefully, as if he was frightened to say too much.

Eric saw the corner of his mother's mouth quiver, although she was struggling to control it. His father must have seen it, for Eric saw the beginnings of a smile as

the man swept across to her side.

"Honestly, Eva, I was a fool and I'm sorry." He went to put his hand under her chin, but she kept to her feet, her eyes blazing.

"Don't put your filthy hands on me," she screamed. "Trying to tell me you were going to meet a few of the boys. And with my own eyes I saw you getting on the train with Joe."

His father looked apologetically away his shoulder, and Eric thought he would be ordered off to bed. But his father was too preoccupied to think consecutively. His mother continued to extrude until her back was against the wall.

Suddenly his father laughed and stopped over and imprisoned her between his two powerful arms. When he spoke Eric was surprised at the tone. It was a strange and gentle voice, with a persuasive undercurrent.

"Don't be cross, Eva," he murmured. "There's never really anyone else but you. You know I love you — you know no need to be jealous."

Why, thought Eric with a gulp, his mother was jealous! His eyes had been bright and hard. He looked up and now they were wondrously softening. There was a flush creeping slowly up her cheeks, and it made her appear quite peaceful. His Dad bent and kissed her warmly, it a trifle clumsily.

"Get away, you old snazzer," she said, but her eyes were no longer angry.

Eric watched them with staring eyes. Gee, this is as good as the picture, he thought.



Modern cosmetics, unlike ancient beauty aids, are hygienic and safe.

THE first people — whether you call them Adam and Eve or "Pithecanthropus erectus" — came naked into the world and were not ashamed. But they soon got dressed, not because they suddenly became ashamed of their natural shape, but because the most primitive of their senses told them that clothing was attractive. To hide something was to arouse curiosity and therefore to invite continued interest.

There are important considerations about this — every leg upheaval in history has been reflected in fashions, and in the evolution of dress style which followed the second last war and has us in its throes again now, is none the stuffier of the female to wear the girdle back to settled life from the nomadic existence of war.

This is a deep sociological insight. It is not originated in the planning of fashion designers — it comes from the consciousness of women that they have to reestablish

themselves with their men; in other words, the reaction of the women to having stayed at home.

After the second last war women shortened skirts and allowed slim calves and knees as an advertisement to men to come home, over the frontiers, ports, borders, and "out districts" are the indications offered, and legs don't matter so much. After the 19th century when in Europe women fell back on fringing fashions to emphasize their attractiveness, and became known as bare as those of ancient Rome — for a time.

But you have to go back a very long way to find the first girl who realized that, whatever it did to her shape, dress alone was not enough. Not only did the female of the species want something to maintain interest through coyness — she wanted something to arouse curiosity. As cosmetics were born, so the dress of history.

The early days of Christendom saw a revolt from cosmetics, be-

cause it was taught that physical attraction was evil; but Rome handed us to Europe, and Europe to the rest of the world, the cosmetic medicine.

Indeed, the very lack of cosmetics created the reaction. The effort to subdue physical charm led, too often and generally, to physical ugliness, and this in turn became the cause of unpleasantness that gave license to the use of perfume. Personal distinctions were distinct from personal charm—for a while.

All of this is wrapped up with the personal habits of races at various periods. Rome, for instance, had its baths, and the Mediterranean climate made bathing and cleanliness easy. It was in the colder climates of Germany, France and England that bathing became, during one of the most elegant periods of history, most

unpopular. The glimmer of the Versailles court in the 18th century was light as light of cosmetics which, first and foremost, hid dirt; and secondly, increased it.

The Pouterbird hairdo is a contrasting example. This coiffure was achieved by a wire frame over which hair was drawn up and pinned in position—and this hair was powdered with butter fat or lard, so that liberal powder could be made to stick to it, to give the high white bon of fashion.

The outcome was heads of such lively hair that scratching skulls, often of silver or gold, were used for the itch which was so common as the hairdo that caused it.

Victorian austerity, which frowned on all but lavender water and eau de cologne, was reaction against such extravagance. Reaction swept Europe in a combina-

tion of austerity and narrow-mindedness which could not last long.

Slowly, from then on, the whole business of beauty and its aids has spread along other lines. And the most important influence on it has been the change in the status of the woman and in the mode of living.

The cosmetics of the dark ages were made impossible by such things as cheap and healthy clothing; the sanitation of the family bathtub (with possible hot water in cold climates); the simplification of housework; the engagement of women in open-air activities; and women's emancipation.

Cosmetic values have changed—today they do not hide, but highlight the effect of healthy appearance. They do not hide evil smells, but induce faint yet pleasing odors; they do not simply

highlight the color of lips (as, for instance, in women out of doors) prevent sunburn, wind-burn and chapping.

Indeed, after a long and trouble-ridden history, cosmetics have emerged with more all-around credit more than ever before, and this is because in the world of today they combine duties of beautification with services of personal comfort. In a sense, too, that beauty aids have become aids for democracy—on the score that wild recent years there was no guarantee of their parity.

Now, however, harmful as cosmetics are forbidden from hair dyes, facial beautifiers, and all other preparations, and cosmetics are essentially safe—a very different situation from days of old, when there was a chance that any cosmetic would be about as dangerous as a Russian kiss.



ARCHBISHOP THE MONUMENT, No. 25

Royston looks at

PARTY TYPES



11) *The Good Time Girl*—She is a good time of good fun. A girl who has the perfect physique. A good time in her figure. But what makes her the most popular girl at the party is her love of least resistance.



12) *The Glib*—Forgetting where she was only arrived because she has the dramatic flair. Tells with effect and is very polished — so polished, in fact, that she won't talk without making a reflection.

13) *The Good Time Man*—Completely older than the other men. Completely older in mind, offering towards the other men. Gives the impression that if he had a chance, a hundred girls would go back to his mother.



14) *The Artistic Fellow*—He, too, and a long-haired at the piano playing for some well-known persons. He is a very old fellow. He is a very old fellow. He is a very old fellow.

15) *The Artistic Fellow*—He, too, and a long-haired at the piano playing for some well-known persons. He is a very old fellow. He is a very old fellow. He is a very old fellow.



16) *The Life of the Party*—The only man who can speak above the roar of the radio. Tells jokes which are in a style of laughter—his own. When someone else tells one, he automatically digs the subject at the time and makes—to indicate that they are not to laugh. When told is finished he says "Yes, old man. Finish it!"

162 The Man Who Came for the Drinking

A solemn sensible type. On arrival, inside the bar, offers the barman a cigarette, checks on the quantity of beer, and looks himself in a kindly position from which, obviously, wouldn't come harm. Looks into, even that the man who has never had DT's has never been anywhere or seen anything.



(7) The Host

The old-eyed fellow with the depressing laugh which he uses with extreme regularity and hollowest intimacy stresses spily here on the street. So far, the party has not been a word of doubt, he with the remnants of his life, and probably, the brevity of the first.

Medicine ON THE MARCH



developed jaundice showed no signs of improvement. As far back as 1897 attention had been drawn to the effect that jaundice had on anæmia, but the 50-year-old theory is only now being put into practice.

Dr. TOM. D. SPIES, of the University of Cincinnati reports that a synthetic chemical called *thymox* has shown good results in promoting anæmia. Patients who had long been feeble and weak experienced a sudden increase in strength, appetite and vigor when given the new chemical.

METOPRYL, a new anæsthetic which is related to ether, is more powerful, less irritating and has less disagreeable after effects, reports the discoverer, Dr. John C. Krantz, Jao, University of Maryland School of Medicine. Surgeons who have tried it report that it gives greater muscular relaxation and is good for long operations.

RESEARCH in England shows that artificially induced jaundice in rheumatoid arthritis patients caused a dramatic improvement in the arthritic condition. The relief was only temporary, but only 10 patients of the 32 who

BENADRYL, discovered by Dr. Karl Löwe, associate professor of pharmacology at the University of Illinois, brings relief to hay-fever sufferers. The discovery, made up in pill form, is also claimed to relieve hives and other allergies. Dr. Löwe and other scientists who have tested the drug stress that it is not a cure, but merely a relief for allergy disorders.

DEVELOPMENT of a new synthetic anti-malarial drug, **BN-7618**, is announced in Washington, U.S.A.

It breaks the yellow malarial skin, and it does not affect the skin with quinacrine burning.

In various acute malarial attacks three times faster than atabrine or quinine, does not make the sufferer sick in the stomach, and can be taken weekly instead of daily.

The new drug was the 7618th of a series of drugs tried out first on birds infected with malaria and then on anæmia, and it was then proved on 3000 humans.

Cracking the Mail Robbers

Postal detectives guard your letters, phone calls and telegrams.



ALL letters, through constant handling, can tell by merely running the fingers over an envelope if money-hungry are enclosed. But from observation galleries in main sorting rooms investigators often look down through periscopes, using binoculars as powerful that the address on a letter is any part of the bill can be read easily.

They are part of a large staff of investigators which the Postmaster-General's Department maintains, all over the Commonwealth, to protect His Majesty's Mail. And there's much more to their detective work than catching the very occasional man who performs a letter in his work as sorting.

The watch from the galleries explains mistakes in sorting as well as observes any suspicious movements by a man — someone, better known to the expert observer than the intending thief.

From the time it is dropped into

the G.P.O. until it is bagged for despatch, the movement of any particular letter can be followed. At any stage the whole sorting machinery can be stopped by pressing one button; if the letter is not there when it should be, the Post Office investigator will want to know why.

To be successful, crime investigators and provisions must keep ahead of the criminal methods. This modern scientific study supported in such an everyday service as the Post Office. In New South Wales alone, ten men are engaged almost exclusively in research into investigation methods.

Use of an invisible powder is a common method employed to trap a thief in the Post Office. This powder, if dusted on the contents of a letter, leaves an indelible stain on the hands of any person opening the envelope. The rest is easy.

Apart from prevention of interference with mails, the investiga-

tion branch plays a big part in protecting public services in all postal services.

Public telephones are creatures of habit, whatever you may think to the contrary as you pick the book and insert your last penny. When they depart from their settled ways — any material variation in the number of copper coins offered in a given period — they become a matter for investigation.

The public booths in New South Wales alone return the department more than \$300,000 a year, and such booths show approximately the same return every month. Any sudden falling off is watched by one booth being the investigation section also activity. There is a reason for that falling off, and the investigator's job is to discover it.

There are a number of legitimate factors which may affect the return, but there are a number of illegal acts which cause some of the many headaches for the Post Office clerk.

Cases of straight out theft by forcing or manipulating the coin mechanism occur in cycles, as happened last year. Catching the thief is no easy matter. As an iron detector heading for an empty booth to ring up a bet on the last race, you may think that there are not half enough red phone boxes decorating the landscape. If you were a postal detective trying to guard the contents of the hundreds of booths in the metropolitan area the "copper searcher" will make sure, you would think that there were in you money.

This type of thief rarely has the same booth twice, but, for

surely, he is disposed to operate in a particular locality once he starts raiding. His return may not be much, but he has got to be stopped.

Lower down in the scale of parasites is the "distemperer." There is no departmental loss involved in this bird's occasional activity, but he is a confirmed nuisance to the public. If you are the victim of this insect, you generally lose your pennies without a connection, he follows you into the bus and recovers the same.

Then "taggers" a customer's operators have a very short life, because there is nothing makes a man or woman so "tagging mad" as to lose telegrams in a full phone. Complaints are loud, long, and hostile, the reason is soon obvious to the postal detective, and another distemperer gets out of business.

Protection of these slot machines is but a small part of the investigation section's responsibility.

The N.S.W. section was responsible for clearing up the biggest stamp robbery in Australia last year.

The forgery was a perfect photographic reproduction of the King's head and Harbor Bridge envelope stamp. It was discovered by microscopic examination of the perforated edges, which could not have been done by any machine in the Government Printing Office.

There was a study for psychologists in this case. A man convicted was found to keep being doing large scale business in the sale of forged tickets of a world-famous dog-eat-dog lottery, a charge which would have been difficult and most expensive to prove.

Why did he resort to the "two-ber" business?

Because he had considered hand-drafts at letterpress machines throughout the Commonwealth and planned business on an elaborate scale. Of the large number of these specimens which were postmarked and passed through the post undetected, only few attracted the attention of stamp-postpaid addresses. Some specimens drew pay. It paid handsomely about lucky philatelists into whose hands fell the date-stamped specimens of these forgeries.

A common stamp offense, but one easily detected by experienced staff handling mail, is the use of previously delivered stamps. Usually the culprit's consent to the disbursement imposing a penalty. Often the offender will be found to be a "fear old lady" who had been saving used stamps for her grandson's collection, and her failing eyesight was responsible for the "crime."

A Sydney "dear old lady" was responsible for the arrest in an "electronic money by transatlantic telegram" case. With appropriate appliances and cipher text, a girl had produced a telegram "from her dying mother in Melbourne." The D.O.L. did the trick and handed over £100 to the daughter-in-law for her share.

Unfortunately for the girl, the D.O.L. was accurately informed in her case. When she did not hear further from the girl, she sought the assistance of the Post Office to locate the address of the dying mother, so that she could render additional assistance and if necessary, "The 'dying mother,' who

had no part in the fraud, was found to be in remarkably good health, and she had lived in Sydney all her life.

Another type of telegram fraud, more eliminated by radio and departmental precautions, involved lettering by telegram. Large business was done in some cases and where the time element was material the aid of the investigating officers was involved. On examining one such case, the officers came across a wonder story; he had backed six winners in a row, each one all up, but every telegram appeared to have been lodged at an incorrect post office well before each race.

Who has not met the owner of bloodhound or Fox, who queries the world "His won't bite, he wouldn't hurt a kitten?"

Unfortunately, postmen and telegram messengers are not lions, and dogs of all breeds, shapes, and sizes appear to be all right as postmen. So much so that the investigation staff deals with an average of four cases of dog-bite of postal employees every day.

Courts in N.S.W. deal with an average of three postal offenses every week; these are the tangible results of the work of the investigation section. There are, however, hundreds of other cases, dealt with by departmental fines or caution, all of which result from the skill of these experts, who have specialized in the various phases of Post Office detection work.

It is through these men and their work, both in investigation and prevention, that the public can post a letter with assurance that His Majesty's Mail will deliver the message.



"We are short of help, and the ladies cover rather the difference"

Opera Is Not Always GRAND



Fancy things that have gone wrong on stage, told by a well-known singer.

SPINNEY GLYNN

PASSION, pettiness, temper, misapprehension, jealousy, pith, capriciousness, self-sacrifice—and a great life! That is grand opera as I have found it in eight continents.

To make my headover on the opening stage, our most potent traditions self-confidence, business ability and plume of energy. A good voice is certainly a help, but above all a sense of humor is essential. Here are a few incidents which are now only amusing recollections; but some of them once played havoc with my career.

I once experienced an awkward situation during a performance of the opera "Aida." I was singing the part of Amneras, an Ethiopian and the father of Aida. His meekness and reluctance as one of a group of Ethiopian prisoners, all dressed more or less alike.

I had arrived late at the theatre (he does not appear until the second act) and I did not know that we had a guest artist in Aida.

As Amneras enters, Aida rushes into his arms with the words, "My father!" Unfortunately, the prima donna, not knowing which member of the group of prisoners was playing the part, rushed into somebody else's arms. The chorister thus honored was completely taken aback, so politely but in an Ethiopian style, bowed her over to me. It is a wise child that knows its own father.

At one theatre where I was engaged, we produced a new opera based on Schiller's play, "Götz von Berlichingen." I was singing the part of the fiery Golo, a remarkable character of violent temper and with a strong hand. In the big scene I had to enter and break up a conference by smothering my true fist on the table.

To make this realistic, our producer had the idea of having a corner of the table seven feet and lightly glued so, so as to break when I smothered my fist on it.

The effect was good, until at the third performance one of the stage hands had placed the table the wrong way round. When I smothered my fist down, the corner fell off all right, but it was at the opposite end of the table. The audience was amazed, but I lost

In Wagner's "Twilight of the Gods" is a scene in which Siegfried leads his horse, Grane, on to the stage. The scene is laid outside a castle of the old Germanic type, with plenty of large boulders and rocks lying about (always made of painted cloth filled with sawdust). In a practice to restrain from giving horses their daily feed before they make their stage appearance, consequently they are very hungry by the time the performance starts.

On one occasion I was singing on this opera and in due time Siegfried brought on his horse. To our horror, the horse suddenly emitted a plover of straw sticking out from one of the "boulders." Nothing could hold him back. We were powerless—we had to keep on singing. He went to the huge rock and pulled at the straw, eventually lifting the whole thing and shaking off the straw out of it, then ate the lot! Again the audience had a great time, but I have never earned a laurel at the race more than I earned that horse.

In Philadelphia we had a new production of "Lohengrin." The producer was a newly-arrived German whose knowledge of King Fish was clerical and whose voice was loud. In this opera a year is an important feature of the first act, but on the first night the scene

was late in appearing. The audience heard our producer's storming voice, shouting from the wings, "Vain is that blessed clock!"

Speaker of Lohengrin, a famous German actor, Leo Slomak, used to travel all over Germany in this role. He had a way of making everyone nervous with his temperament. In the last scene, Lohengrin is on the stage with the King and all his nobles, and again the scene appears in order to carry Lohengrin away in a boat—obviously I know, but operating. At one little scene the stage hands were so nervous they pulled the scene away too soon, leaving Lohengrin still on the stage. Slomak turned to the King and shouted, "Your Majesty, when does the next scene act?"

In one company we had a tenor, whose voice was golden, but whose intelligence was none too bright—we used to thank that his high notes must be growing on his lungs. He was singing a part for the first time and we had several rehearsals with the usual miserably atrocious. In one scene, in a wood, he had to sing an aria seated in a tree stump. During rehearsals we used a chair to indicate the tree stump and he had been in the habit of moving this chair to suit himself.

On the opening night, from sheer lack of habit, he moved the tree stump towards the backchairs. I gave him a sympathetic whisper one of the aids of my mouth: "Leave that stool! Can't you see that's a tree stump?" He did not improve matters by, in confusion, carrying the stool back to its original place.

In one of the "Ring" operas the character of Alberich, an evil dwarf, appears out of a rock and sings his part from there. When singing this role I used to be sent up through a trap-door until just my head and shoulders were showing above the stage. I used to put on elaborate make-up, plenty of grease paint and dirty looks. I wore a fur skin over my ordinary shirt but, as the lower part of me remained below the stage, I did not change my everyday trousers. One night the stage hand attending to the trap-door made a mistake and sent me right up, so that I was standing in full view — top part a villainous dwarf and lower part a respectable citizen! All I could do was kneel down and hide as much as I could of my ordinary self. I was a pretty fair height, but on that occasion I felt like a skyscraper in trousers.

A famed conductor, famed for his comic wit, was conducting a rehearsal of Massenet's "Dan Quersus," with Chabpin in the title role. For this performance a French contralto had been engaged.

The lady persisted in misreading her cue. The conductor shouted: "Madame, will you please look at me and sing immediately Mr. Chabpin dies." After another attempt with no better result, the conductor threw down his baton in despair. "Hopeless," he cried. "Ret Massenet," wailed Madame. "Mr. Chabpin dies too soon!" Whereupon came his stinging retort: "Madame, please understand once and for all, no opera singer ever died too soon."

And that reminds me of one of

my favorite stories from the rich fund of anecdotes and humor that enliven the history of music. Handel, the great German who adopted London as his home, had incessant trouble with his singers, who used to rail that his airs were impossible for human voices to sing. One singer weened so supercilious that he snatched her up and held her over the balcony, threatening to drop her and screaming: "Ah, madam, you think you are a devil, but I will show you that I am Beethoven, de prince of devils!" Her screams stopped, and she sang.

In New York, once I was standing outside the Metropolitan Opera House, waiting for a friend to join me at the theatre. People were crowding into the foyer, and a pretty little typist passing by asked me: "What show's going on here?"

"Götterdämmerung," I told her.

Her face dimmed and she snarled: "Well, there's no need to worry when you're asked a cruel question."

Another favorite — the politically-minded Wagner wrote a pamphlet, "The Reign of Jews in Music," and sent a copy to Offenbach. Offenbach wrote this acknowledgment, after reading what he had to say on Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer and others: "Dear Wagner: You had better stick to music."

Subsequently Wagner sent him the score of "The Mastersingers," which Offenbach acknowledged: "Dear Wagner: On matters concerning me, I think you had better stick to writing books."



"Now, Walter — half an inch or plenty!"

Some grow up to be geniuses, but
these simply outgrow cleverness.



child prodigy— ANY FUTURE IN IT?

By K. LANE

WHEN Month Kenneth Wall walked into the classroom of Western Reserve University, in America, his fellow students looked incredulous, rubbed their eyes, and burst out laughing.

There was nothing to indicate that Kenneth was unusual—nothing, that is, except that he was clad in short pants, a form of dress which the other students had long forgotten. Kenneth turned and ran home — a terrified, embarrassed gesture whose only immediate mission in life was to persuade his mother to buy him a pair of long pants.

Then, discreetly clad, he returned to the university to make his play as a student — the youngest student ever accepted into that seat of learning.

Kenneth was 10. His entry to Western Reserve was justified by the fact that his scholastic achievements had been considerably greater than those of his classmates twice his age. Although claimed by his mother to be an normal as

Tom Sawyer, he had, before celebrating the first anniversary of his birth, been able to write and recite the alphabet; at two, he could hear Beethoven's fifth symphony, at six, his repertoire as a pianist had included 100 compositions, and at Western Reserve, he was able, a few days after his entry, to announce that he had read his chemistry book twice, and knew its contents by heart. He further expressed his disappointment on discovering it to elementary.

Two years later, he went to Yale, thence which university he will emerge as Dr. Wall. His age: 14 years.

The phenomenal academic career of Kenneth Wall has lit again the question which has burned at the heart of science for many years: *How much genius for a short life?*

Greatly quoted is the prediction of William James Sids, who was accepted into Harvard University at the age of 11, and graduated five years later — having in the

summit suffered and recovered from a nervous breakdown.

Appointed a professor at Harvard, he vanished after some time and dropped from sight. Then, at 8 years of age, he was re-discovered in New York, working as an office clerk at a weekly wage of \$5. He had, in his words, given up of thinking.

Sids had been a victim of a mental theory that genius can be manufactured product — that by sufficient guidance an ordinary boy can achieve scholastic miracles. When he was again found, he returned the situation into his private and demanded that he be left to peace.

In 1944, Sids made his last bow on a world from which he had withdrawn to avoid the penalty of having been an infant genius; he died on his way to hospital to be treated for an inner crisis of homelessness.

A contemporary of Wall, little negro girl Philippe Duke Schuyler is subject to the same query as to the future possibilities of young genius. At five, Philippe was able to discourse knowledge on quantum, the difficult problems in addition, multiplication and division, and had composed many musical works of worth.

Now, at 14, she has completed an orchestration for 100 pieces of her first symphony, and had the distinction of having it played by the New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall.

Perhaps most creative graciously than Kenneth, her potential knowledge has been less academic, but to her also must be applied the measured and over-used title of genius.

What is the secret of this inherent capacity of an individual to rise so much higher than his fellows in scholastic achievement?

Is it hereditary? Wall's mother and father are both lawyers, whose family tree has never possessed genius; Philippe's father is the editor of a negro newspaper, her mother (who is white) an ex-Mack Sennett looking beauty with poetic tendencies — and neither parent leaves a solitary note of genius.

Does outstanding memory account for the phenomenon? Obviously, the ability to retain learning is an important factor which goes to the making of a genius. But there is, an extra, unexplained quality for which the world is still trying to find a name.

Both Kenneth and Philippe have displayed a versatility in academic lore, although each appears to have a special leaning towards music. Other infant geniuses have shown various limitations in their capacities.

In the early 1800's, Zerah Colburn was amazing Londoners with his ability to solve the most complicated arithmetical problems in a minimum of time, without recourse to pencil and paper. He possessed no other outstanding talents, and went lame in his career was never able to explain the methods by which he arrived at his answers.

When Zerah was eight he could multiply immediately any two numbers of four figures each, become very much up to a million, and answer all the arithmetical questions submitted to him.

Present-day psychologists point

to Colburn as an example of short-lived genius. His adult career was not marked by any outstanding mathematical achievements, and he died at the age of 30.

Collins once matched his skill against another mathematical genius named George Parker Bidder. Bidder, whose methods were apparently a good deal less abstract than those of his opponent, won the contest.

Although it age seven Hilder was even less knowledgeable than most children of his day, he could, only three years later, give almost immediate answers to such problems as: "If a wheel is 5 feet 10 inches in circumference, how many turns will it make in 800,000,000 miles?" The answer is 724,104, 285,214.

Bolder, unlike Colburn, not only retained his amazing mathematical skill throughout life, but applied it to problems in his own career as valentine composer.

A sidelight on the theory that stress is a stimulant, Hidders' father was a manual worker, and also noteworthy was the fact that his own son, a successful barrister, possessed a considerable degree of Hidders' mathematical ability.

In attempting to estimate the life of germs, it is interesting to recall some famous names. Dante, at the age of nine, wrote sonnets

in Boston and maintained his correspondence as a post-war) his death, Pease, at 15, wrote a report on some sermons, and his final great work was completed just before his death, Christopher. There was but 13 when he arrived at astronomical competence, but was 46 when he commenced to restore St. Paul's Cathedral, and almost 80 by the time the work was completed.

Therefore, it is fairly safe to say that personal originality is one of the characteristics of genius.

Against this contention is the fact that Goethe was considered merely to be a young man of exceptional genius who, if he had died at 30 years of age, would never have been considered a genius. He was 41 when the first part of *Faust* was written and completed the second part on the evening preceding his 83rd birthday.

And so, while Marvin Kenneth Wahl and Philippe Erik Schepers strive to maintain their right to the title genre, psychologists ponder the problem whether they will have justified the title by the time they reach adulthood.

Will stop, like William Tell, surrender themselves to an urge to live an ordinary life; or will they, like Dante, Voltaire, Byron, retain the genius which was given to them at childbirth?



• "We'll stay for you if you promise to be in a little trouble."

REMEMBER Disney's film of Major de Savigny's *Poetry Through Air Power*? It was an interesting film, wasn't it? Well, it was more than that in short and clever sequences. When they saw the film, they noted one of Disney's strongest ideas: a locomotive constructed deeply into the earth before completion.

—Walter Winchell



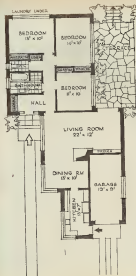
Plan for THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 20)

PREPARED BY W. NATHAN SHARP, ARCHT.

Planning a home—a real home—is never easy. But when the building plot is large, and there is practically unlimited room to spread them the lot of the planner is not nearly so difficult as it is when a restricted site has to be dealt with. As about half the population of each Australian state lives within the limits of the respective capital cities, it is not often that one has the pleasure of planning for large areas of ground. The majority of homes, so built in small blocks with side fences crowding the building in.

No. 20 of our home series is planned for a small suburban block and could be accommodated on as narrow a frontage as 40 feet. Yet it has been contrived so that there is no air of crampedness about the house and its setting. Modern planning, which has looked

Continued on page 61





HELP YOUR ARCHITECT

By W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

YOUR architect is responsible

for the planning of your house, of course, but there is much you can do to help him. He will go to see your land for himself, and will study its levels, aspect, outlook, how much sun it gets at the different times of the day, which trees throw the most shade and where, and so on. But there are the little points about your rock, bush and garden, your own plan of living and such like that you will have to tell him if his plan is to be just right.

If you ask about these things, you will probably find yourself re-arranging. Your own plan of living is so much a part of yourself that you have probably never put it into words before. It has just grown, you have accepted it, but never before given it concrete expression.

What about finishing it all out even before you go to your architect? What about having a new house fitting all ready for him, with all the materials down in black and white. That is, the real essentials, not such things as the last chairs must have three rows, or other silly little unimportant attachments that only confuse the mind.

The first thing, of course, is finance. It helps a lot if you can decide just how much you can spend on the greatest investment of your whole life. It doesn't help to get an expert planning a £2500 house when you can only raise

£1500. So first make out a budget, and allow a margin for the cost of finishing—a garden, buying the new carpets and furnishings that bloom, waste and the odd extra piece of furniture.

It is probably best to think of the living room first when getting down to the details of your requirements. Its use depends on the size of your family and whether one living room is enough. But let the convenience and habit of every member of the family. There may be some that can't be carried on simultaneously in the same room. Jimmy may be studying for an exam and Mother might spend most of her evenings on his stamp collection. But Joan may have to do a couple of hours' practice on the piano after dinner. Jimmy would naturally object. So his bedroom would have to be big enough to fit him up with a table and bookcase, or some sort of small study, or perhaps room, would have to be considered.

A lot of the furniture you will need to accommodate in the living room is also a help. It will not only be useful in determining the dimensions of the room, but will also be a guide in arriving at the proportion of window area to floor wall.

Next comes the dining area. Just down the list's meals and now whether your family prefers them in kitchen, dining room, breakfast room, or dining. Each detail helps the architect to plan.

down the old-fashioned convention of the "front room," has done a lot to help in getting better houses on narrow sites, and wider outdoor living, which generally stretches more importantly to the garden area behind the house than that in front of it, has also helped. The new suburb is demonstrated in the accompanying plan. Planned for lots facing from south to east, the place is focused around a terrace that is in full sunlight most of the day. Double doors of glass open on to it from the living room and two of the bedrooms overlook it. Steps lead down between two rising flower boxes to the rear garden beyond.

The house is logically divided into two complete sections—the living or day section, and the sleeping or night area. The main entrance is centrally placed, while the kitchen entrance is approached along the path to the garage. Kitchen serves directly into the dining room, which is really a wing off the living room, adding largely to the entertainment area. The fireplace marks the division between the two parts of the room, and provides warmth to both.

The three bedrooms, each with its own built-in wardrobe, are grouped around the short hall, while one each of the bathrooms. The linen cupboard is also in a convenient position, and is fitted with a solid linen chute to the laundry underneath.

At £150 per square this house would cost £2,250.



Ideas FOR THE HOME OF TODAY

Who wouldn't gladly relax on this comfortable, well-upholstered couch with its loose cushions and low padded arms? The covering is knap fabric—very popular because of its ability to stand up to hard usage. The washable, partly wool, is upholstered in soft leather and contrasts pleasantly with the suede. Back and cushion cover edges are corded and tailored to fit smoothly.

Sectional chairs recommend themselves to young couples with no or few, to be added to as income, family and space grow. These two are covered in tufted with wide, corded edges matching the sofa in the foreground, another item of the set. Their advantage is that they can be moved around to suit your individual taste and room size. Particularly attractive is the quaint shape of the chair-side table.

Simple and subtle is the idea that the artist, David Lange, has set a firm direction. Created with very simple, flat shapes of solid color and free to go outside. The living room was given a new look, decorated with the





A super-comfortable arm-chair of radical design. This mass-produced piece of furniture has a "built-in" addition which gives it extra space and ease. The back is well padded, but not too high. Admirable for "sore-backing," the seat is also wide and roomy for those who like to "curl up with a good book." Herringbone tweed makes the covering with an outside finish at the sides.

Gene Pless



Boldly striped taffeta in red and white makes a dramatic cover for a plush lounge. This stands out brightly against the all-white walls and carpet, quilted robe, table curtain and glossy hat boxes. A tropical plant brings a note of lush green into the corner, and the old-fashioned frame and print add a quaint note, echoed by the figures on the glass-topped table.



Seasidebed but wing is the studio couch, set against a plant shadow-check wallpaper. The original is upholstered in sage green tencel with these latter cushions of the same material and two extra pillows in bronze damask to add color. The curtain is of the same bronze damask, the coffee table polished nickel, but the lamp is deep-red velvet.



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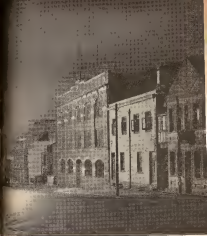


OR JUST PLAYING AROUND?

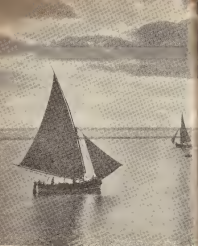
Dupont



—NIGHT MAY ADD ENCHANTMENT—



—UNLESS REALITY IS TOO DEAR



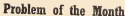
Calicut

ONE MAN'S WORK—



—IS ANOTHER MAN'S PLEASURE

St. Paul

[illegible]

Answer

[illegible]

Worth
looking
for—



ACHMED ABDELHAK

FICION



The RETURN of RUFO

Years of fame and fortune was
not so strong as love of the soil.

AS I trace the pattern of this tale, remembering certain incidents which I witnessed personally and more which were told me, I come to the rather obvious conclusion — after all, it is so in the life of most men — that women had made Rufo Garcia what he was. Three women, in his case. And one was Teresa, his old mother, so shrewd with her counsel, slightly ironic peasant wisdom, and the second, who materialized only indirectly, was Guadalupe; and she — I have this by memory, since I never met her — was the sort for whom daggers would be drawn in her native Mexico, and chopas down on Wall Street and Park Avenue; and the third was Esperanza.

Now, of course, not having been in love with her, I could not see Esperanza, to Rufo Garcia's debt. Still, I have to admit that she was very lovely, with her oval features, her short, softly curved nose, her wavy hair, her black-black hair as smooth as oil. And then there were her eyes—brown and limpid and good eyes. Yet with a mystery in them of the deep, misty mountain glens where—some of the poems say—you may hear the voice of the ancient Aztec gods in the small dawn wind blowing. I do a secret message to tell the people of some great gladiators . . .

There was joy in those eyes as she recognized the harem who came clattering along the narrow lanes of the little Mexican village,

and she stopped again in his path. She raised a hand and called out softly.

"Oh, Rube! Ruffing past me, not wishing me the time of day, after all these years?"

He stood in his room and stared.

"By the Blessed Trinity!" he exclaimed. "But I'm happy to see you, cousin!"

He leaped down his aisle. He was about to take her in his arms. Then, suddenly, he reconsidered.

For Esperanza was no longer a boyish child, but grown tall and full-breasted; her lips ripe and red, the white of her cheeks vibrantly. Oh, yes—she had changed during the years of his absence. And she now had changed as well. No longer was he a gawky youth, but a heavy, broad-shouldered man. Near was he clad in petal's trowsers and short jacket of white, crumpled, homogenous cotton, a sarape over his left shoulder, his bare feet on cork-soled sandals, a green straw sombrero on his head; but in a well-cut uniform which had cost him a hundred pesos.

Alas, the daughter, he looked like a grunted colubine, not an earth-bound peasant. And her eyes terrified, and she cried:

"It makes me laugh! It does not!"

"What does?" He frowned.

"That shiny belt around your waist, with the silver buckle! And those fine, rolling-breeches and polished boots!"

"That is the proper style for one of Doncho Villa's captains."

She chuckled.

"And I suppose," she demanded, "you'll be throwing it all away

now — and be getting yourself an honest straw sombrero, good against sun, good against rain, since you are no longer one of Doncho Villa's captains, but a plain peasant like the rest of us?"

His frown deepened. Mocking him, he thought — that's what he was doing. And he reflected that, at least in this respect, Esperanza was still the same. Even so a little girl, whenever his imagination had gone straying into the blue, she had brought him back to earth in the forthright way of hers. And — he had been eleven at the time and she eight, not long after her parents' death in an earthquake when, his mother being his aunt, she had come to live at his home — he recalled how once he had cut himself a stout cudgel, had walked up and down, making passes at the novelties that, indeed, were not novelties at all to him, but fierce, blood-thirsty warriors, and had said to her:

"With this mighty sword shall I lay low whatever surrounded dare lift his eyes to yours!"

And he recalled how she had laughed, had told him:

"Why, it isn't a sword at all, but a piece of wood. And I would rather have you lay it against the tree trunks and knock me down a nice sweet orange, than be hitting to your empty talk."

Oh, yes — nothing far of him then as she was today! And he recalled now gratefully:

"Those sombreros are not worn where I live."

"Are you not going to remain here?"

There was amusement in her question, even disappointment; and

he gave him back a measure of self-confidence.

"This," was his answer, "is not the land for me."

"Oh? Has your sword?" "Not good enough?"

"Right. Not good enough."

"Yet a land," she said challengingly. "Is good as ever it was. Abundant harvests are yours there ever it was." She flung out a hand that took to the towering mountains, the deep-cleft valley, the fertile fields, the small arable houses, and above them the smoke from women, long hair-braids large ring on the quiet air. "For a place," she added, "with peace and plenty and the Lord's blessed sun!"

Her words thrilled with a great driving eagerness, and he smiled thinly. Had she needed him today, on the afternoon of his homecoming? Well — so would he seek her! And he too flung out a hand at the towering mountains and the yellow fields, and he told her:

"Nothing here but toil and sleep — and sleep and toil. Nothing but the same old story I have heard a thousand times. That there's five gold and five glory at the other end of the world." He paused. "This," he repeated, and may be he meant it and maybe he did not, but Esperanza was not the one to know, "is not the land for me."

"That is so," she spread angrily. "A place it is for us, the decent, hard-working people of the soil. Not a place for — ah — the strangers, the outsiders, as you — by the Saints! — are a stranger, on outside this day." "I — an outsider?"

"Yes," she almost shouted at him. "For this land was your father's, and his father's before him. And it was good enough for you as a child. But not for the few outsiders that you are today."

They stared at each other in silence. Then, presently, he spoke. "There is yet a second reason why I cannot remain here. For a woman is waiting for me in the north."

"Oh?"

"Yes, Gundolope, she is called And," emphatically — "one of these days I shall marry her."

"And what," she inquired, "is it to me when you might take to wife?"

"I thought this, being cousin to me, you would like to know."

Again silence; and after a while she said:

"I, too, am thinking of getting married."

He gave a start, but quickly controlled himself. He asked her when the man was, and she went on that she couldn't tell him, should not, indeed, have mentioned the subject. It was a secret. And he wasn't fit on to a man.

"But I thought," she added, giving him back his words, "that, being cousin to me, you would like to know. Well," — with a laugh — "there's nothing the best of luck to your love — and the best of luck to mine!"

She walked away . . . And she whispered:

"Rube — and another woman!"

Her heart tightened, hurt. Jealousy? No — no, the devoted angrily. How could that be? She did not love him. At least, loved him only in a cousinly manner.

And that was, precisely, what he thought, as he looked after her. Oh, yes — he loved her only as a possibly mother. There had been other women in his life. More beautiful than Esperanza, more desirable. This Guadalupe —

He glanced rather vaguely, then resumed and made no toward his parents' home.

He reached the little adobe house. Four years had passed since he had seen it, had seen his father and mother. And his arrival was unexpected, since he had never written — for the simple reason that he had never learned to write — so, for that matter, his parents had never learned to read. Nor had he been able to send word to them, as this village was off the beaten track, and money was scarce here and seldom did a travelling packman venture into the neighborhood.

He opened the door. He saw his mother's apartment on the ground, cooking tortillas over a charcoal brazier for the evening meal. She looked up. He knew that she had not recognized him, standing there in the shadows, and he smiled and asked:

"Am I welcome here?"

She rose and greeted politely. "Welcome," was her homely answer, "wherever you are, Christian or — the Lord forbid! — heathen."

"Welcome, too, if I be your son?"

He made a step nearer, and she gave a choked cry. She rushed up to him and hugged him to her breast.

"But?" she asked. "Oh, son! Now let the sweet Lord Jesus re-

deed be praised!" She kissed him, raising herself on her toes a little, since she was so small and he so tall. "But down!" she exclaimed. "The tortillas are almost ready. And there are enchiladas, and a lot of venison I shall cook for you the way you liked it as a boy, with onions — remember? — and pap per onion and—"

"Has Father already gone to rest?" he broke in on her words.

"Yes." Teresa's accents were lower. "Come to rest a long time since. Three years now he has been sleeping beneath the shade."

"Three years?"

"Three years,"

Three years — and I the feeble, helpless old woman, without a man in the house! And what I would have done without Esperanza, the strength and love of her, she Lord alone knows! Looking after the fields she was! Doing daily a man's full work. Oh," — a little in bitterness — "doing your work, son! Oh, whatever gave you the notion to go away from here and seek my heart?"

"I — I had not had to see the world outside!"

"And did you find it better than this, our own world?"

She shook a heavy finger under his nose; and he grinned.

The years, he reflected, had not changed her; no more than they had changed Esperanza. Still sharp-featured, his little mother, and sharp of tongue. And he recalled how his father, a big burly man, had often quailed under the look of her words.

"I know!" she said, "why you went away! Because you were tired of honest toil. Because, O

workless one, you wanted to go chattering with women, laughing men — and wanted to drink the maiden and eat the infant and kiss the most worthless!"

He silenced her by taking her in his arms.

"Even the most worthless," he told her, "had never lips as soft as yours."

He kissed her, and she dropped his cheek to his. But she gaped and she held him close.

"Never mind," she said. "You went away — and now you're home, with Esperanza and me. It is as God willed."

He embraced her. Oh, yes, he thought — everything was as God willed. Then God had willed this, five years earlier, he, a lad of eighteen, already tall and strong, had gone with Esperanza across the hills to the little town of Mazamora to swap there some home-made flour into, laden on their backs, for iron pots and pans his parents needed.

It was the first time Esperanza and he had been away from their native village. So to them the little town seemed cosmopolitan and, indeed, it was more thorough than usual, since a great fiesta was going on. Not only that. Also, Pancha Villa was in town with a number of his soldiers. Pancha Villa, who, whatever his reputation as a leader north of the Rio Grande, was beloved south of the river. For would he not bring a measure of liberty and prosperity to the masses? Was he not going to split up the huge haciendas so that every poor, hitherto, would have a right to his own free acre?

So there was rejoicing in Maz-

am. The dusty lanes were crowded with people in their holiday best, the men in their panama sarapes, the women in their finest rebozos. And all chattering, jostling, stopping at booths where paques and regalis were sold, and at little open-air stalls where all sorts of simple things could be bought, or swapped for other simple things.

And greetings and embraces as friends met. About as exciting as a stamp.

"Owl!"

"Jackal!"

"Good! Father of little girls!"

The first stroke. A white-haired priest separating the conversations and cutting them with cheerful impetuosity. And everybody laughing, and the priest laughing as loudly as the rest. Nudging Esperanza, telling her that this was like life.

"Not like life here in our village," he said. "So stupid, our life there — with ever the dull song of the plough, the grating song of the harrow—"

"An honest song!" she interrupted impudently. "A decent song!"

"And yet it is stupid, stupid!" He pointed at one of Pancha Villa's captains who passed by, smart in khaki. "Here it is," he said, "where life is different."

"And foolish! We are children of the soil. Not children of straw."

He did not reply, but shrugged his shoulders.

By that time they had traded the flour into the pots and pans and loaded their backs. It brayed complacently, hungrily. So they gave it its evening alfalfa. They, and

they too were hungry, they sought a shady place, found it beneath the trees on either side of an inn at the end of the main street where it cooled abruptly, dropping down to a deep ravine. There they sat, eating their hard-boiled eggs and cold tripeles. They finished their meal, and Esperanza said:

"Shall we be on our way?"

"Not yet. I like it here."

"But it's getting late."

He agreed, finally gave in.

"Very well!" — ill-naturedly.

"Back to the stupid, stupid life!"

The room. "I want a drink of water."

He entered the inn. She waited outside. The street was deserted. Tired, she closed her eyes — then opened them and looked up as, further down the street, came noises, and she saw Pancho Villa outside a white barn, preceded by half a dozen soldiers who cleared the way for him. The people cheered or ominously. "Viva Villa! Viva Villa!" — and some threw flowers. And then, almost, there was tragedy.

For one night little bouquet of stiff golden-yellow anemone-scented blossoms bet Villa's horse between the eye — a nervous horse that reared, plunged, scattering the people right and left — jerked into a frantic gallop down the street toward the steep-walled cañon at the end of it, toward death. And men running yet unable to catch up his horse and outcry and nobody came nearer. In front of the inn, a little brown-eyed girl.

A frightened man was Pancho Villa. And a brave man. For even as he passed the inn in a whirlwind of dust and flying hoofs, even as

Esperanza jumped up — oh, she thought, she had to do something, something! — even at that one moment he cried out warning words.

"No, no! Don't!"

But already she had run for word. She leaped from the ground. She caught the crossed sword round the neck. She was dragged along, yet held on with all her young strength, her muscles hardened by the toil of the fields; and at the very edge of the precipice, the horse stopped, stopping, shivering.

It was an hour later. In a private room of the inn Esperanza and Rufus were sitting with Pancho Villa. He was at his seventh glass of pulque, and his black eyes glittered.

"You mean it, eh?" he demanded. "There is nothing I can do for you, though you have saved me life?"

"Nothing at all, Senor Comandante."

He smiled.

"Never," he declared, "have I met a less greedy person. Well, there must be something you desire, Sappho!" — and her black eyes glittered more than ever — "you come with me, eh? There'll be milk and flesh and—"

He paused. She blushed and shook her head, and he laughed.

He and that — by the Cross! — he was just as glad. For back where he was going was a girl called Guadalupe, and she was as jealous as a widow, and he respected her at carrying a knife to her garter.

His nose — inquired once more. "There is nothing I can do for you?"

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"Nothing at all," the girl said. And then Rolo spoke:

"If my cousin does not want to go with you, let her go in her place!"

"No!" cried Esperanza. "No, no!"

"Please!" begged Rolo. "Take me along, Senor General! I would like to find my fortune!"

Pacheco Villa looked at the young man, so sturdy and strong. Just the kind of lad he needed.

He clapped him on the shoulder.

"You have found your fortune, citizen," he declared. And to Esperanza, who explained him as to Rolo's name: "Why stand in the way of it, girl?"

He went to the door — called out:

"A horse for Rolo Garcia! He rides our way!"

So presently Rolo mounted and was off with Pacheco Villa in the north, and the last he saw was the murmuring of the ambling man as Esperanza's tear-veined eyes as she stood in the middle of the road, looking after him.

She swallowed hard.

"I wish," she whispered, "— oh, I wish my heart would not beat so!"

She took the road home, driving the horses; and it was late at night that she reached the little white house, and there her aunt was waiting, and seeing the girl was alone, she asked what had happened to her son, and Esperanza wept.

"He has gone away," she sobbed, "with Pacheco Villa's money, richly paid — and I'll never see him again."

"Pah!" said the old woman. "He will surely, surely return. For there was never yet a bad penny that did not find its way back to the till."

But the weeks rolled on, and the months, and finally the years. There was vagabond news, occasionally, of Pacheco Villa's high deeds, though no news even of Rolo. For let me repeat that he had never learned to write, as Esperanza and Teresa had never learned to read. And time only, as time passed, travelling peddlers came to the village. But when Esperanza spoke to them of Rolo, they shook their heads.

No, they said, they did not know him, had not heard of him. They were peasant traders. The grand-stick was their weapon. What dealings had they with those who carried rifles deep across desolaten and armed dangers on hips?

Rolo, in the meantime, acquiesced himself very well, up and away on the bloody road of strife . . . Strife throughout Mexico. Towns filling the land from rim to rim. And Rolo fighting as bravely that quickly he rose from private to sergeant, and thence sergeant to captain. Not very long the crude peasant, but a powerful soldier of a cavalry, knowing, however halting, how to bow over a lady's hand and pay her pretty compliments.

Compliments, for instance, to Guadalupe Lopez, that little, golden, wicked woman who looked upon him with favor. But dangerous favor, for everybody knew how matters stood between her and Pacheco Villa; and that, were in her way, she believed in looking

the flet of poison with the oil of jealousy.

Still, a sturdy lad could not reply with a virtuous, "No!" when a woman whispored softly. And as to the danger — why, it gave a spice to one's happiness. Happiness in the knowledge how far he, the poor, had travelled on the road to success.

But — was he happy? Really happy?

He did not know. Yet he did know (later on, he spoke of it to Esperanza) that his thoughts, though he tried to ridicule them out of existence, were often of home; at the simple days there, the kindly days — and the kindly people. And then he would sit with his grandfather on the honest fields and the great heavy land of corn and stocks. Would see his father and mother — and yes, Esperanza. Little Esperanza, black-haired, brown-eyed, self-willed — and maybe, as he was thinking of her, so was the thinking of him, not knowing how famous he had become, and how rich . . .

Rich beyond the dreams of men. Rich beyond the understanding of the peasant stock from which he came.

He would count his riches. Four hundred and fifty gold pesos. Back at his village they did not know such wealth existed. Ah, the things he could buy with it — for his parents! And for Esperanza. And wouldn't she be proud of him?

He could see it all clearly within him. The magnificent home, rolling and tossing past the humble houses. The workers in the fields, stopping in their labor to watch the strange figure pass

by, and whispering to their wives.

"Who can it be? Who is he that rides so arrogantly past our house?"

And, perchance, there would be one who had known him, and who would recognize in the golden head, the stranger should deem . . .

"Rolo Garcia — he that went off with Senor General Rolo's horse back. Rolo, the rich . . . Rolo, the strong, Rolo, the clever."

More and more, the thought of it nibbled at his brain like rats in corn. More and more, the desire to go home and show off his possessions, his polish, his daring . . .

Suddenly one day he decided he would go home. Merely on a short visit, of course. At the time he was in prison at Durango. Villa had gone to Mexico City to discuss matters of state with President Carranza. So Rolo called on Calixto Jimenez, second-in-command, who granted him a week's furlough, added that — yes! — Captain Garcia could leave at once.

Rolo exposed his thanks and left. Down the street was a shop. He entered, bought a handsome bracelet for Esperanza. On his way back to his quarters in such his things he passed Guadalupe's house, and as an impulse, went upstairs to say goodbye to her.

She was very lovely in the by then, clad in yellow silk, on a couch draped with green pillows, glittering like a spot-bird in a nest of fresh leaves. He bowed over her hand. Down added up in his eyes; and Guadalupe saw it.

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and she smiled casually, peacefully.
"And what favored gift have you brought me?"

He hesitated. "There was in his pocket the bracelet he had bought for Esperanza. Should he— No, not it belonged to his cousin. Besides, he was still at heart too much the shrewd peasant to pay where, perhaps, there was no need. So he replied:

"The best gift is the world."

"Namely?"

"Myself."

She laughed then. Here, she thought, was a man after her own heart, lawless and arrogant. And she drew him to her. He kissed her — then quickly jumped up as he heard a yell at rage. And he turned, saw on the threshold Pedro the Villa, who had come back unexpectedly from Mexico City.

Rita did not stop to explain or apologize. He must get away from this place, at once. So he ran out on the balcony, leaped over the railing — it was not a great distance, the apartment being over their store the street — and landed safely on the pavement below.

On the spot he saw Villa's horse, reared into the saddle and was off, using goat and spurs unmercifully. He had no chance in his headlong flight to stop at his quarters and pick up his treasured gold piece. And he had nothing to show for his four years' bloody strife but the clothes on his back and the bracelet he had purchased for Esperanza, and on the long road home, he had to trade it in for food and drink.

So now that he had reached the village, he was no poorer as when he had left. Poor — and angry

and bare, not; no gifts, no loan.

And as he lifted, so band passing as he passed, he surely the questioned word that the Widow Garcia's son had come home, as peaceful as when he left. Truly, it was a well ending to his dreams.

For Esperanza had watched him with his first words. His mother had given him the sharp edge of her tongue. And that first night after supper, both raised eyebrows and spoke slightly when he began to tell of the wonderful things he had seen and done, the time and when that had been his share.

"Where are they?" Esperanza demanded. "For I would like a red felt dress, gold-embroidered and with puffed sleeves, for the finest next month of Our Lady of Mercy."

"And I," chimed in his mother, "a new ribbon."

"And a wealth of silver bracelets," said Esperanza, "to look suitably at the dance."

"And shoes — new shoes for my ancient feet."

"Ah!" — as the young woman broadly winked at the old — "our golden peace, where are they, brother?"

He set there and glowered. He had been afraid, and ashamed, to tell them the truth — that he had left Damage like a thief in the night. He had told them that he had been sent on a special and important mission, and so such a hurry that he had not had the time to talk along his measures of changing plans.

But evidently they did not believe him. And — what was he to do?

Well, he decided promptly, he

know what he was going to do! There were other ladies, besides Pancha Villa, wearing the lard. He would join one of them, would again achieve fame and fortune, would then return to the village, rich and important . . .

"Be you consistent," Esperanza interrupted his thoughts, "when we were children, and you cut yourself a stout cudgel, and slunked with it at the constables, making believe they were fierce, blood-thirsty warriors and—"

"Good night!" he cried, and went to his room in a huff.

He lay down on his bed. Oh, yes, he reflected, as he had done before, he would again achieve fame and fortune, and return to the village — not alone, but with a lovely woman ruling by his side; and then Esperanza would be sorry . . .

But — would she?

Why, she shouldn't care. There was that man to whom she had plighted her troth. He wondered who the man was. Perhaps Pablo Ramirez, the blacksmith's son, or Luis Chavez, or—

What did it matter? There were other women in Mexico. Lascars, golden women . . .

So he fell asleep — to be awakened, in the gray month of November, by Esperanza's hard shaking him, and her voice calling:

"Arise, O good sleeper, and help a weak peasant girl with her chores!"

He got up and dressed. He could not know that, last night after he had gone to bed, his cousin and his mother had put their heads together, laughing a little and talking a lot — talking on

the way women sometimes have when no man is around — and Esperanza saying:

"The cock goes from house for seven days, and returns a peacock. Peki! He'll be a baronial spouse, dozens and other, after his pretty tail feathers have been combed by honest tail."

Honest tail, indeed. Hank told, with Esperanza driving him on West end, to the weather bureau.

"Thank the Lord!" exclaimed Esperanza, "The fields need rain."

"I don't," growled Hank.

For his fine uniform was not suited for this stony downslope, nor his high-heeled cavalryman's boots for the sticky earth. Too, his moustache, traced to maternal parents, had no longer the trick of covering the hard globe, and his temper was not sweetened when he saw his cousin pling three loads to his man.

That evening he was too tired to get straight to bed he went, closed off at once — and it seemed he had slept no more than an hour when he heard Esperanza's voice:

"There's a waste field that has not been dugged over since your father passed on — and that's your chance to show how man-mighty you are, *culafiero*."

It was as on the preceding day. Forging his cousin, who worked by his side with negligent ease, and he himself soon worked, often stopping to rest, and then Esperanza laughing and demanding:

"Can it be that you, the tough soldier, are unable to cope with the rough earth? Ah, where is your strength, cousin, and where your pride?"

Oh, yes — his pride, his

STOP WEARING GLASSES

I am always here on the front going to Manila, she had forgotten her glasses. She told me she couldn't read so long and was very unhappy about it. I got talking to her and eventually asked:

"Have you ever tried to read or talk without them?" She looked at him without sleep. "I thought because either way, I was taking it easy and not. Why do you think I wear glasses?" "I don't know," I said, "but I DO know you can do without them."

At first, I think she felt I was impertinent, but somehow I held her attention, particularly when I asked, "Have you ever heard of Eye Culture?" She admitted she had heard of it. "What of Eye Culture?" she said, "But I've not told her then, they're only for children and young people." "You're wrong," I told her, "Eye Culture, for a start, is more than just Eye Exercises. Why don't you find out more about it?" I could see she was thinking hard so I told her I was over here, and it was only a few years ago a friend of mine who was very disappointed that I came to Eye Culture and was so enthusiastic about the way which his eyes improved, and probably came back to medical men I was induced to take a course myself.

To tell the truth, I did not improve much, because I had had too much trouble for nearly twenty years. At last my eyes began to feel better. After a few days I could read the paper without looking at every line and I gradually got

more and I could only read the big headlines in the paper— with glasses. I had to change my glasses every day and then for strange reason, but my eyes were improved. It was with a sort of depressing about I took up Eye Culture, but in my enthusiasm my eyes showed a definite improvement almost at once. This gave me heart and I kept going. Gradually I found I could have my glasses off altogether. I could scarcely believe myself. Here I was at an age when people usually believe that their eyes must get better. . . . Because I'm getting on in years, and my eyes were never good so good as they were with Culture to Eye Culture. So you see you don't need more with Eye Culture.

After a moment, she said, "What's the address?" and I gave it to her. About a month later I was here again by chance, on the last night home. She was so delighted that she wrote straight up to me and said, "Isn't it wonderful? They're improved already" and they had, a lot.

Now if YOU have anything wrong with your eyes, or if you wear glasses, don't feel small, and see a local optician, or where, or write for an appropriate manual, sending 2/6, stamped addressed envelopes for reply. The address is Eye Culture, 16 St. James Building, 300 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Tel. MA 5117.

ESTABLISHED in Sydney 1929

strength! Well, he still had his pride, and would get back his personal strength, would not give up the struggle — because of Esperanza — Esperanza, smiling at him — mockingly, as he imagined — when in the evening they went home from their labors, she with her overpowering stride, and he plodding along, aching in every bone.

So different, then, from the carefree existence of his adolescence. The gay young captain, caring little for the soil and sweat and that was his life — not this lonely eternal battle against the earth, plodding and slaving.

The heavy toll weighed on him, made him taciturn. And one morning, Esperanza inquired why he never opened his mouth, except to curse and eat.

"Then he flared up. He demanded what it was to her. He was doing his work, wasn't he?"

"And high time!" she rejoined. "These last years it was I who did your work."

He did not reply. For, he thought, what could he reply? She was right, wasn't she? So all that day he worked hard, in silence. Again that evening he was weary out with fatigue; and when his cousin asked why he didn't wash his hands before sitting down to meat, he shouted:

"I'll eat wash them! The soil of the soil — and the soil smells sweet and clean!"

He filled his mouth with food. He ate heartily. He did not look up, so could not see the triumph and which passed between his mother and cousin.

For between women, between

mothers and grandmothers of men, there is a secret understanding that needs not words to see what the house knows. A look, a sigh, the curve of a mouth, and the drop of a shoulder — all these things speak eloquently of the thoughts in the heart of a mother and grandmother.

So time rolled on. There was no more weeping when there had been weeping, and then a second weeping, and still Roberto remained, and one morning, before he came to breakfast, Esperanza said to her aunt:

"It is as it should be. As he is conquering the home earth, so is the home earth conquering him."

Just then he came down his room. He announced importantly: "Today I shall put some of the man's land to the plough and raise three mumps."

"Curse would be better," Esperanza suggested.

"I will curse!"

"But—"

"Blasphemy!" he interrupted.

"Where land is this?"

"But—"

"Surely it is I who decide what crops should be planted," he said angrily. "Or is it that this is not my land? Perhaps I have made a mistake, and this is the land of my cousin."

His face darkened, and he pounded on the table with his clenched fist.

"Tut-tut! I say shall be planted, and mumps I shall plant," he shouted, belligerently. "And who shall say otherwise?"

And again, unknown to him, a triumphant wink passed between the two women; while, after he left the house, Esperanza an-

"Yes, it's an important decision, Mrs. Mills. But one you won't regret" . . . (from *The Grapes*)



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"Ah, it is the real peasant I have for cousin, so strong and noble!"

"As the father before him," said Teresa Garza, "There was a man who could not bear to be caused, whether in love or work. There was a man, indeed, in whom women went working — as it should be where work is concerned."

"He was born so as a child," said Experience. "It must be all his way — or nothing. And so he has grown into a man."

"And well might you remember that," said Teresa.

"I do remember it," said Koger.

She laughed as, through the window, she saw him crossing the yard, dressed in a pair's homespun cotton, all for the day's labor; and she jumped up, cried out to him.

“Up, Up, and Away!”

So, on that day as on every day, they worked side by side. Back-breaking work. Glorious work, thought Esperanza; thought that — oh, yes — she had been right; the house had won its conquering him. Oh, she remembered, was she conquering him? For what of the other woman, the one up in the north, of whom he had spoken on the afternoon of his return to the village? Graciela was her name. A city woman, delicate, alluring and polished, and highly performed. He had never mentioned her again. Still — suppose that, at the apex of the moment, he should take it into his head to go back to the woman — what then of the land, the Escondido?

Results? Acid — no — vitamin and folic acid?

How would she compare with the first city woman, who had on the latest of the day to make herself beautiful? Who had fine clothes and jewels, and wanted to do her bidding? But she, Esperanza, had only her poor peasant clothes and her old stained hands! Who could she offer a man like Raul, who had known these beautiful, affluent girls of women? But he was not truly a peasant any longer, but a man who had seen the world and knew that there were other things to be done as well as the sowing of seed and the gathering of crops.

She had felt so sure these last few months. She felt sure no longer.

She signed; demanded all at once!

1. **Project Name:** [Project Name]
 2. **Project Manager:** [Project Manager]
 3. **Project Start Date:** [Project Start Date]
 4. **Project End Date:** [Project End Date]
 5. **Project Budget:** [Project Budget]
 6. **Project Status:** [Project Status]
 7. **Project Description:** [Project Description]
 8. **Project Objectives:** [Project Objectives]
 9. **Project Deliverables:** [Project Deliverables]
 10. **Project Risks:** [Project Risks]
 11. **Project Stakeholders:** [Project Stakeholders]
 12. **Project Communication:** [Project Communication]
 13. **Project Reporting:** [Project Reporting]
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 18. **Project Resource Management:** [Project Resource Management]
 19. **Project Procurement Management:** [Project Procurement Management]
 20. **Project Stakeholder Management:** [Project Stakeholder Management]

¹⁰Grundlagen — 'who?' he asked, innocently.

The second of the two

The second returned; and

¹⁰⁰ *How can I maximize my 2000?*

"No more," he cried, "than you have forgotten — what's his name — the man to whom you are betrothed?" And he added: "I suppose you are all and see him late at night, when I have gone to bed?"

He glared at her so angrily and spoke so severely that, suddenly, a great silence came to her.

Could it be that the

Yes, she thought, it is not I
 wrong! I dream!

And whereas the English, and

• DIGEST OF DIGESTS DIGEST OF DIGESTS DIGEST OF •

There are
NUMEROUS DIGESTS
But
ONLY ONE
Digest of DIGESTS



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Benny Goodman	George Shearing
Tummy Dorsey	Jimmy Dorsey
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**COLUMBIA "THE MASTER'S VOICE" - PARLOPHONE
REGCA - REGAL SONOPHONE**



"You are wrong. I do not see him late at night, when you have gone to bed. But during the day I see him. Often indeed all the time."

"How," he rejoined, "can that be, since you and I work all day, side by side? Do not lie to me, tell 'You' — furiously — "you do see him at night. And you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" He pressed "I'll not have your name linked about by all the gossips in the village—I'll talk to him and give him a piece of my mind. Who is he? I want to know!"

"What is it to you?" she demanded fiercely. "Am I to account for every single movement of my life?"

"You are my cousin," said Ruth, softly. "Your good name is my concern. What you do concerns not only yourself, but my mother, who needs you from a child, and myself, the head of this family. There here, if you bring disgrace on yourself, you bring it on my mother — and on me."

"Ah," said Esmeralda. "Then it is not my own good you have at heart — it is only the good name of your family!"

"No other reason. Who is he? I demand that you tell me."

"A Mexican poet — that's who he is," was her answer. "So strong and kindly and decent. And — I've no idea I shall marry him to-morrow."

"Oh," and his voice faltered — "so soon?"

"Soon? No. You see, I've been waiting for him long, very long years!" She smiled. "Ruth," she whispered, "I need you at the

wedding! Her eyes turned

"Need — me?"

"None more."

"But —"

"How can there be a wedding for me without you? Oh," impatiently, as he looked at her, puzzled, unconprehending — "are you not the stupidest of a man? Is it you I shall take to husband? You? You?"

"What," he stammered, "what of the other man?"

"There is no other man. Not ever was."

"But you told me —"

"A lie, months ago. And the truth, today. For did I not say that I'll marry a poet, no strong and kindly and decent? She was silent; stared at him; repeated questioningly, "Decent, are you? By the Trinity" — sharply — "and what of that woman in the north, that Grandulapa, eh? Bah! I swear she's the worst to paint her cheeks and dye her hair and pluck her eyebrows and —" Again she was silent. "In the future," she declared in ringing accents, "there will be no more Grandulapas for you, not another shambledan hanger. No more calling them out —"

"Let's go into the woods," he interrupted, "to the little grove near the twisted acacia tree where — remember? — we used to play at keeping houses when we were children." He held out a hand. "Tell me you — when we get there."

She shook her head.

"I've tried today. I'll not go so far as the twisted tree. And so, if leaving it must be, here's as good a place as any!"

And he took her in his arms.

Cavalcade STORYTELLER



For drama . . . suspense . . . action . . . mystery . . . tune in TWO CAVALCADE STORYTELLER, on Radio 2UE Sydney, at 8 p.m. Monday to Friday, 12.30, Adelaide, at 7.45 p.m. Monday to Friday, and 2AC Brisbane, at 9.25 a.m. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday

ADVENTURE passes most men by, leaving their lives drab, but some are pursued by adventure—even beyond the grave. One such was Francesco Goya y Lacortea, known to the world as the painter Goya, who was born two centuries ago, on March 28th, 1746.

He was born in a village near Zaragoza, in Aragon, and his father urged a neighboring monk to give the boy drawing lessons. But even this did not curb the lad's spirit. At night he crept the town with other youngsters, be-

coming the leader of one of the gangs which infested the streets.

In a fight, one of the boys was killed and left for dead, and young Goya found it expedient to hide. He was next heard of in Madrid, where things went badly for him. Probably as the result of another brawl, he was found one morning lying in the street with a knife in his back.

Later, in Rome, he heard that a Frenchman had climbed along the high cornice of the tomb of Cecilia Metella. Doubtless, the young Goya repeated the feat. Soon after, he appeared the outside of the dome of St. Peter's so that he might cut his name on the history.

There have been many legends concerning his later life—as the Spanish Court—ruined by the French—often with a price on his head—still hunted by his enemies.

Many years after, his countrymen decided to bring his body back



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to Madrid. But when they came to collect his bones, it was found that the grave had been rifled and the skull stolen. For, strange as it

may seem, even at death Goya was not allowed to rest. Somewhere on the earth, his bones still court adventure and the original



LIKE many another Australian, Sydney solicitor Dick Blundell found himself in London when war was declared. But instead of coming home, she joined the W.A.A.F. In three months she appeared, officer's wings.

Previous relations of Dick's was to frequent a little restaurant called du Club, in Piccadilly, and it was there she met the strange R.A.F. officer. He tried to speak to her, and taking pity on his loneliness she replied to his questions — up to a point.

She became a traffic warden when he asked her about various opportunities and revolutionized her story that a new uniform order had been issued that all R.A.F. person-

nel must wear turned-up trousers. He took leave of her, and promised to meet her next evening.

When he approached Dick's table at the du Club the following night, he was surprised that two British officers came and stood behind him. Dick reacted no time in answering his greeting. She noted that he was wearing trousers calls "Your persistence certainly last night has probably landed you into a spot of bother," she said. "That order about slacks was cancelled on the last moment. You should have waited until it was passed."

The color slowly drained from his face. "I must be going," he muttered. But it was too late. The two tall officers led him away.



IT was in the war of 1914 . . . the retreat from Mons, when the German armies were advancing and the British retreating.

A big, jovial major of the 4th Dragoon Guards went back to St. Quentin, seeking stragglers who had dropped behind from the retreat. And he found them: 200 men, weary to exhaustion. The

major went among them, ordering them to stand and march, but nothing could move them.

The old square was deserted, but a gleam in a shop window attracted the major's attention. Striding over to the shop, he went in and picked up a tiny drum and penny whistle. He strapped the drum to his belt, added the whistle to his belt, and the "British Gren-

"What's HE got I haven't got?"

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V.P. DAY

... when our industrial efforts give Australia victory on the peacetime production front

AUSTRALIAN prosperity depends upon production. Only increased individual and collective production of practically every item necessary to our peacetime way of life can overcome the difficulties facing us as the aftermath of total war.

Inflation and black market dangers will be progressively reduced as the output of consumer goods increases.

The answer to the housing shortage obviously lies in greater output of raw materials essential to the building trades which have in turn their production goals and responsibilities.

Increased production is the cor-

porate bond wagger on which every Australian may ride to prosperity. It means more of the national materials, food, shelter, clothing; a quicker return to the fuller enjoyment of life and richer national wealth.

In her outstanding wool and wheat production, coupled with an efficient steel industry, Australia has the basic nucleus for unbounded national development. In addition, a rare chance exists to win rich export markets.

The nucleus use to which our national assets are put will mean our victory on the production front. The rewards offering for all to share are truly great.

The Steel Industry Does its Part . . .

AS early as 1935 extensive plant development was commenced at the Newcastle Steel Works of The Broken Hill Proprietary Co. Ltd., and at the Kooragang Works of Australian Iron & Steel Ltd. As a result, the industry's annual steel output capacity reached 2,000,000 tons in 1941.

To enable this quantity of steel to be produced, manpower and coal, as well as plants, are essential.

The steel industry has the plant, but until sufficient labour and adequate coal supplies are secured, it cannot be fully utilized.

Maximum steel output will bring about the realization of practically every plan and effort for increased industrial production.

While the nation has the benefit of an assured economic source of steel supply, our industries will be able to create and develop, make and progress.

WHAT AUSTRALIA WANTS MAKES AUSTRALIA

ADVERT

them" march on the big wheels.

Soon the tired transients caught the major's enthusiasm, and put his hands and lungs into the race. Around the square they marched, tooting and banging as though their lives depended on the music. And not only their lives, but the lives of the third man depended on the success of the stunt. And it

worked. The drummer and transients finally led the long file of stragglers to safety.

And the major whose tooting had saved the lives of the stragglers was subsequently lauded and promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His name — Sir Thomas Bridges.



FORTY years ago

as a work of fiction, a young woman wrote a book named "Minniewe Ghost." Even in Flindersburg few people know that the writer was a gentle, slightly-built woman. The subject and its handling, suggested that the writer was a man who had known the rough side of the Ballarat goldfields.

She was an Australian — a girl who had hopefully left her homeland at 16 to study music in Leipzig, but after three years of hard work, she realised she would never become a great musician.

In Leipzig, however, she met a musician named Robertson, and after a time they married. It was from this marriage her success was

born. In order that his wife's talent might have full scope, Robertson built his life entirely around her. He offered himself wholly, giving out a part of his presence around the house. About 1918, 10 years after publication, "Minniewe Ghost" began to make a real impression on the reading public, and Mrs. Robertson received many letters from people who admired it.

Her next book made her famous. It was "The Fortune of Richard Minnoway," a story about Australia. For although she had been so long from her native country, Henry Handel Richardson who died in England this year, never forgot it, and added tremendously to our literature.



A South African overlander kept a couple of clams on the goldfields in a bucket. Each week-end he visited the diggers, passing each and every sampling of ore. Weekdays, he left the clams to a

couple of native boys who had worked with him for a long time, and whom he trusted implicitly.

Impoverished by drought when ore worked, he went out to his clams and found the boys had struck a vein. He told them to

Property that belonged to the evil Thomas Dock reverted to the Crown. A year later that very same land was granted to the Church of England, and presently

building was commenced of St. Andrew's Cathedral, a symbol of good which indirectly was given the people of Sydney by way of its most evil citizens.



THE dark, swarthy man glid through the Portman art dealer's door. He announced he had some original Millers to sell. Commissioners and students today know John Miller as one of the most famous of the French impressionists.

He struggled to live, in the company of such celebrities as Van Gogh, Cezanne, Seurat . . . and unfortunately during his hard and painful life he achieved less success than any of his contemporaries. It was only after his death that Miller became famous, not less.

The dark man proved to be Miller's grandson, and he told the dealer his grandfather had left the paintings to him, on condition they were not to be sold unless he were really starving.

Well, he was starving, and here

they were — 12 of them. The art-dealer examined them with interest — except the twelfth, which he described as a fake. Miller's grandson assured the dealer he could not understand how the fake got into the collection, but accepted a price for the other 11.

Months later, a purchaser of one of the so-called "brilliant" Millers discovered his copy as a fraud. The other eleven pictures were recalled and the grandson of Miller aroused an suspicion of misrepresentation. He admitted he had painted the eleven paintings over original signatures of his grandfather — mainly to gain revenge on a public which allowed his grandfather to starve.

And the twelfth painting? That was, the original Miller, and it sold for amongst the most costly effects.



STARING wide-eyed like the fox, the young woman gaped and choked, the arm of her husband.

Questioningly he looked at her and she told him she had received a horrible vision — an idea for a story which she felt impossible

compulsion to write — the story of a monster.

The young husband laughed, for he knew his wife was an imaginative person, but in succeeding weeks he realized how the obsession had gripped her — she was writing one of the greatest horror



We told you the premises were on the way. Well, now they're here. We told you the paper was being milled. It's almost ready. So now it's just a matter of getting right down to production on the finest piece of magazine craftsmanship in Australian magazine history. We will have to say it won't be next month or the one after that, but it's very close, nevertheless. There's a new handsome MAN coming into your life. More details later.

one novel at all time . . . Frankenstein.

But she was clevered. Day and night she wrote the story of Frankenstein's monster. Then on a dreary November night she threw herself on a bed exhausted, she finished manuscript neatly stacked on the table. Alas! her husband crept to her side . . . for it seemed to him the monster his wife had created was indeed striking the earth and had begun to haunt Mary herself. But it was no 10 years before it had its revenge — for when she wrote Frankenstein Mary was only 19.

Contrary to the opinion of the post his wife's book was a best-seller. The public, it seemed, was glad of literary stuff stronger than the contemporary weak and water romances. They enjoyed reading of Baron Frankenstein's monster.

Although Mary could no longer the hope that had tempted her to write the tale, the vision and its consequences often came back to her with horrible reality. It seemed she had indeed loosed the chains

of a monster — one that haunted thousands with its monster designs, that gave the imagination still in this age of motion pictures — but one that also dragged the mind of its creator.

Mary wrote other novels, other dramas, and lived until 1851 — but her life from the time of Frankenstein was pursued by dread and by tragedy.

Mysteriously, both her children died of some unknown disease. Shaken with grief she sent for her husband to return to her from Italy — to leave his friends and home home to England.

That night she was seized by some insupportable terror, an undefinable premonition . . . at times as if the hand mechanical head of the monster of Frankenstein were reaching out to deal her some stroke and evil.

Two days later Mary Wall encountered Shelley knew why — the ship carrying her husband had foundered and the poor Percy Bysshe Shelley was dead, drowned in the waters off the Italian coast.

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214

Talking Points

* Career Girl Betty Davis provides the greatest test this month. Photographer Bob Miller took the shot of this lovely model. Betty is 30, 5'6", 120 lbs., and her story is fascinating!

There's a story about a mother and her seven-year-old son, Steven, who was diagnosed a few months back.

A newspaper columnist and a leading literary reviewer have been telling the dramatic new story of how one day a GPO messenger met a Soviet telegram to John Leach, photographic editor. Sandra Lee looked up, smiled, and for the first time "had a hunch she would make a distinguished career."

After Lee helped the girl out of her blue overalls, made up her face and the somewhat picture-studio mannerism, she said: "Aren't you?"

A national advertiser sought the picture, the magazine willingly gave permission, and soon after the cover appeared, 14-year-old Norma Whitney was Indiana's most talked-of model.

Norris said "Maybe I always thought something like this would happen, in fact."

* Sydney de Vries, a teacher at singing at the New South Wales Conservatorium of Music, called her circumstance of 30 years' singing a great tip to make the sounder article. *Opera is Not Always Grand* (page 81).

Mr. de Vries is a hardy man who takes "jumpy" rides such as logs and bungee. He was born of French parents in Holland, but says his way around the world, from late first class England with the 1914 Puller Ocean Conveyor. Then he was 128 miles

all over Australia. He returned from America in 1918 under engagement to the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and when war broke was asked to join the conscription staff.

Two years ago he and comedian Henry Krips staged an open house in Sydney, and this month they propose producing their one-act humorous

* Old Russian, Ahmed Abdullahi wrote the list of our long home stories — you're giving a hand out each month — *The Return of Bala* (1991, 197).

Quoniam Beach Army man (left), Adams, South Adams), Abolish for some a highly successful business with numerous novels, some plays (including one in collaboration with actor Lloyd Austin) and the script for "Band of Angels" and "Love of a Naval Officer."

★ **PREVIEW** Andre Mianzan has written a forepost piece, *Where Is Love*, which we commence next month. The author of "Art" writes a searching and often startling analysis of what we call love, from primitive times up to today's "sex-and-sensy" culture.

One sample who reads an historic magazine tells this and other vivid impressions in an article for *The Connecticut Issue*. He is George Horwath, who has compared 16 Tenth and is looking forward to the prospect of writing against England later this year. The other articles are good, too, and on the human side our guide is *And the Fiddle Day Leaned*, by I. A. E. Wells.



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